The Nation.

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The Week.

Just at present a word of two letters overshadows all else in Republican politics. It is the word "If," and the rest of the sentence runs, "Roosevelt will consent to be a candidate again." The Republican League of Clubs has discovered, by means of a circular letter sent to more than three thousand organizations, that "Roosevelt sentiment still dominates in the State to a remarkable degree." First Assistant Postmaster-General Hitchcock returns from an inspection tour with the tidings: "The South is for Roosevelt"—referring, of course, to party caucuses and conventions, and not the regular election day. Senator Depew is for Roosevelt, which means a great deal; Gov. Cummins of Iowa is also an energetic boomer. But if the zeal of his outspoken supporters is impressive, the attitude of the President's opponents is, in a way, even more so. Every time they give reasons for wanting some one else, they repeat that if it had not been for Roosevelt's unwillingness to run again, they would never have thought of any other man. How pathetically they hang to that declination, how angrily they turn on any one who ventures to doubt the President's word regarding the unalterability of his intentions!

The refusal of the Pennsylvania Democratic Convention to adopt a resolution endorsing Bryan for the Presidential nomination next year, which expressed full agreement "with the beliefs and positions taken by our peerless leader," and characterized him as "the Jefferson and Jackson of the Democratic party today," is not the first sign of a disposition to leave the question of the next nomination open for the present. A year or so ago, when Mr. Bryan returned from abroad, there was almost a scramble to the Nebraskan's "band-wagon." That day was counted lost which did not see an endorsement by some gathering of Democrats, or at least a declaration by some prominent member of the party favorable to a third nomination. That phase has now passed. Democrats talk freely about other possibilities, and they are showing increasing reluctance to commit themselves in advance. It would be foolish to infer from this fact that Bryan's personal popularity, so remarkably sustained during all the years of defeat, has waned; or even that he will not be the next Presidential nominee. But it is plain that he will be able to count less on mere unthinking enthusiasm than seemed likely on the eve of his Madison Square Garden speech.

Gov. Cummins's recent Pittsburgh address on the tariff has not received the attention it merits. It proves conclusively that, despite the compromise of last summer, the "Iowa idea" is not dead; just as it also shows that at present that idea differs very little from the one that actuates the tariff revisionists in Massachusetts. Thus, Gov. Cummins's whole argument was for a revision of the present schedules, and for a radical revision at that. "It seems to me," he said, "that we have gone mad in our zeal for the seller, and have abandoned the buyer to the tender mercy of monopoly, combination, and greed." He emphatically dissented from the standpatter's maxim that the "higher the price, the higher is the statesmanship," and generally showed himself to be in a state of serious rebellion which demands the immediate attention of the Republican leaders. Even Oyster Bay should take note when the Governor denounces standpattism as a "miserable maxim filched from the language of the great American game," all the more as Gov. Cummins is a third-term man, and declares that in this he speaks for the West. As for the theory that we must not revise the tariff for fear of disturbing conditions and inviting bad times, the Governor has no patience with it. "For the honor of my country, I am not willing to admit that we are such senseless slaves of humor and passion that we cannot safely remedy a wrong clearly perceived and universally admitted."

Gov. Hughes would doubtless have desired to obtain men for the Public Service Commissions whose names would at once impress the public. This he has plainly not been able to do. Few of his appointees are known at all. Postmaster Willcox is, of course, but has never shown any special competence for the work to which he is now summoned. Messrs. Osborne and Keep, on the up-State Commission, carry much more visible weight. But of all the appointments, this at least may be said, that they are not political. The Governor has evidently taken no dictation from the bosses. He does not think of his Commission as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land for broken-down party workers. His selections being his own, they are to be presumed to be the best that he could make, under the circumstances. And there is sometimes an advantage in giving important office to men who have their reputations to make. A made reputation often means a lazy and indifferent official. To Gov. Hughes's untried appointees will certainly be given a fair chance to win renown. They will have an added spur to diligence in the knowledge that the Governor can remove them forthwith, if they are negligent or incompetent.

The much-discussed failure of New York city to secure bids for its $29,000,000 4 per cent. bonds, offered on Friday, is simply another proof of the extent to which demand on investment capital has lately outrun supply. The fall in British consols within a fortnight to a price very much lower than any reached in the Boer-war period, has been ascribed without hesitation to the same general cause; so has the decline in French Government 3 per cents, to the lowest price reached since it last applied to the money markets sixteen years ago. Bankers who usually subscribe to New York city's loans say, in explanation of their failure to take bonds last week, first that they are already "carrying" as many unsold new securities—chiefly railway issues—as they deem it judicious to hold on borrowed capital in an uncertain money market; second, that the savings banks, usually the best "retail" customers for such bonds, are receiving too tempting offers for loans in other legitimate directions to make them anxious to pay par, even for so unexceptionable a security as New York city's 4 per cents. But this is only stating in another way the general principle which we have just set forth. Under such circumstances, the question what is to change the situation, so that old prices can be obtained again for new securities, is asked with more or less anxiety. The only answer is that supply of investment capital is always increasing, and that it will inevitably overtake demand unless the requirements of finance and industry keep on expanding to an even larger volume. The growth of available capital, during the past two years, has been wholly unprecedented; yet, as we have seen, the increase in demand for it has grown faster yet. In such a process there must be a halt, and the fact that a six-months' halt has already been called on the Stock Exchange, with no serious consequences, is assurance that the same thing can happen with other users of capital.

The axiom that a body cannot be in two places at the same time has its obvious exception in the case of a body which is large enough to fill all space, and so be everywhere simultaneously. This truth might possibly account for

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the ubiquity of John D. Rockefeller whenever the process servers are after him. The failure of the officers of the law actually to discover him is merely illustrative of another physical truth, namely, that the human eye and mind cannot grasp that which is too large, any more than that which is too small, unless distance adjusts the object of attention to something of normal dimensions. Mr. Rockefeller, like the Matterhorn and Notre Dame, requires a far perspective. That is why reporters in Chicago see him in the Pocantico Hills and observers in New York see him in Massachusetts. Why the head of the Standard Oil Company does not of his own will reveal himself to the passionate gaze of his pursuers until his own chosen time, is hard to tell. Possibly it is because evading a summons is the only form of matching his wits against his fellow men that is still open to him. "Pity a poor old man whom nobody will stand up against," he might almost plead. "When I want a rival establishment, I go and take it. When I want a politician, I buy him. Nobody bargains with me, nobody competes with me, nobody stirs my flagging faculties to action. The only active exercise I get is due to a marshal with a subpœna." And, as a matter of fact, after he has had his little run, Mr. Rockefeller usually turns up and asks to be served, and shakes the instrument of the law by the hand.

The minimum strength of the army has just been increased from 62,666 men to 68,951, exclusive of 5,208 Philippine Scouts, and the 574 men of the Porto Rico Regiment. This increase of 6,300 men is due to the carrying out of the new law enlarging the coast and field artillery, and organizing the latter as regiments. The maximum enlisted strength of the army remains, in the discretion of the President, 100,000 men, according to the reorganization law of 1901, which gave the Executive a right never before possessed—to increase or decrease the army within that limit, as he sees fit. The idea is to allow him to increase the various regiments to war strength in times of emergency without waiting for Congress to act. Prior to the war with Spain, the strength of the regular army was 28,500, including the West Point cadets and professors. The maximum strength of the cavalry was 6,611, of the artillery 4,313, of the infantry 14,025, while the engineers were credited with 617 men. To-day the cavalry is allowed 13,020, the artillery 24,566, and the infantry 25,649 soldiers, while the engineers comprise 1,294. This clearly shows how greatly, yet how quietly, the army has been enlarged. The percentage of increase of men and officers is even greater in the navy, and yet neither service is satisfied. The cavalry naturally feels hurt that it is now less important than the artillery, and so it goes; and the taxpayer foots the bill.

Major-Gen. Batschinski, who as commander of the Thirty-fifth Siberian Rifles, and later as brigadier-general, made an enviable name for himself in Manchuria, where he is still stationed, has recently given a remarkable interview to a correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. Fourteen times under fire, he confesses that he never once in the whole war saw a Japanese within rifle range—not even at Sandepu, where he was wounded and left a third of his regiment dead upon the field, killed by unseen enemies. This is modern war, he explains, and he scouts the idea that especial training with the rifle is required of the soldier to-day. That lesson drawn from the Boer war Gen. Batschinski pronounces absolutely misleading. There never again will be careful aiming in any battle, he asserts; if the soldier gauges the distance, it is enough; only in unimportant skirmishes will he have the opportunity to aim with care. It is ridiculous to expect an excited man, who has been for days under fire, and who only lifts himself out of his trench for a second, to pick out an object and carefully utilize the sights of his rifle. It makes no difference, in Gen. Batschinski's opinion, whether the bullet strikes to right or left, so long as it does not go over the enemy's line. Most of his men generally put the butts of their guns under their arms, and held them much as the artillery would use mortars. But if this is true, what becomes of the demand for trained riflemen which is heard all over England and echoed and reëchoed by such men as Kipling, Lord Roberts, Balfour, and a host of others, and by their American imitators?

It is much to be regretted that the Ethical Code proposed to the Institute of Electrical Engineers for their adoption should have been rejected as unconstitutional. In this day, when so many temptations to make money by reckless or unscrupulous means are offered to professional men, it is highly important that they should be subject to rules which may be more promptly enforced than the law of the land. Doctors and lawyers already have such codes; and the new profession of electrical engineers made a praiseworthy attempt to surround the calling with safeguards, and keep out pretenders and quacks. For practical work in electrical engineering requires more than knowledge and skill: it calls for a high degree of honesty. The electrician's client is ordinarily completely in his power, even to a greater extent than the patient is at the mercy of the doctor. Most men know a little about medicine; but electricity is a complete mystery to the layman. The code drawn up by the committee of the Institute covered the ground admirably, dealing with the general principles which should guide the electrical engineer, his relations to his employer, customer, client, and the general public. It also carefully defined the titles "electrician," "electrical engineer," and "consulting electrical engineer." Another and successful attempt should be made to codify the ethics of this responsible and important profession.

At Bonn University, last week, Professor Burgess of Columbia concluded the final lecture of a series with what one newspaper calls "an impassioned plea for a German-American alliance." As a matter of fact, the speaker's words may only with difficulty be construed in such a sense. It should seem that Professor Burgess was only more than ordinarily effusive in making use of the forms of international courtesy proper to such occasions. At the same time, nations other than Germany or ourselves can hardly be blamed if they discern a certain arrogance of tone in the professor's reported exordium. "We in Germany and America belong to the great progressive nations. We possess a love of justice and the same sort of optimistic enterprise. We belong together." It is unquestionably true that the two nations, possibly because of the now generally recognized community of sentiments that inspires their chief magistrates, have of late been talking a good deal of optimism and equity. Germany's apologists declare that their country stands not for power, not even for progress or for liberty, but for "social justice." William II., mediating between class and class, and restraining the mighty to uplift the weak, is the parallel to our own official gospel. But Great Britain, for instance, might with reason demur to being excluded from the justice-loving nations, and even Russia might object to being denied a future of progress. And as for Germany and America belonging to each other because they are alike, sometimes the best chances for a fight arise when two parties meet who are equally optimistic and equally bent upon justice.

France, having arrived at a complete understanding with Japan, seems bent on establishing relations of close amity with other nations in the Orient. Just now she is said to be coquetting with Persia. Her purpose is all the more attainable because, unlike other European Powers, she can scarcely be suspected of cherishing hopes of political conquest. Her aspirations lie rather in the field of commerce and of civilization. The French code underlies the juristic

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system of Japan, and there is no reason why it should not prove adaptable in Persia, which, like the Japan of a few decades ago, is now in a state of transition from absolutism to parliamentary government. Through the efforts of the Persian Ambassador at Paris, no less than a dozen French professors have been dispatched of late to take part in the reorganization of public instruction in the Shah's dominions, and a former tutor of one of M. Loubet's children is now the preceptor of the Persian Crown Prince. Let Germany, Russia, and Great Britain contend for markets and spheres, the patriot might argue, if France can be the bearer of Latin culture to the Asiatics.

At home the good ship Clemenceau has weathered another storm, and for some time to come should be sailing in smooth waters. Last Friday's vote of confidence in the Chamber, after a terrific debate lasting nine hours, showed no appreciable diminution in the Government majority. The Premier once more succeeded in convincing the country that in the disturbed Midi, as previously among the striking miners in the north and the unquiet syndicalists at Paris, he had made use of the strong arm of government only when necessary, and to the extent necessary. Quiet has followed the appearance of the troops in the south, just as it did in the coal regions and in the capital. Undoubtedly, Clemenceau's past record stands him in very good stead. In moments of crisis the very men against whom he sends out the soldiers cannot but feel that the step is not apostasy on the part of the former radical, but the move of a statesman acting under the pressure of unavoidable necessity. Once the crisis is over, they feel, concessions will come. The remarkable thing about the Clemenceau Ministry is that a succession of assaults on really vital questions should leave it unharmed, whereas former Ministries have often gone down on comparatively trivial issues. With a host of personal enemies and aspiring politicians against him, not without a rival in his own Cabinet, Clemenceau meets onslaught after onslaught, and triumphs.

An open but anonymous letter composed by five priests has been addressed to the Pope, and has excited some comment in Rome. They remind Pius X. of his first allocution, in which he called upon the bishops to aid him in ridding the Church of "sowers of tares, apostles of monstrous heresies, and rebels." The writers of the letter accept these epithets for themselves, but rejoin that the Vatican, by its reactionary attitude, has alienated the two great modern forces, science and democracy, which the progressive priests had hoped to win to the Church. Christianity, they say, has ceased to be a living force; it has become a cold tradition. The Church has always checked scientific research and popular liberty. She should bring herself into sympathy with popular ideals. She has pinned her belief to certain stereotyped doctrines, continues this letter, although the body of scholastic teaching is "but the result of the life of the fundamental dogmas of Christianity as humanity in the different stages of its development has lived them." It seems, indeed, as if the Catholic Church were in greater danger from internal than from external perils. Attacks from without have left her largely unmoved in the past. As a writer in the *Journal des Débats* points out, Catholicism is suffering from an inner fermentation, which is causing a fever among the faithful and the priests. It draws the former towards political Socialism, the latter towards a radical philosophy, and thus imperils both discipline and doctrine.

The resignation of the stoutest reactionary in the Russian Ministry, the comptroller of the Empire, Von Schwanebach, would have been a triumph for Premier Stolypin if it had occurred before the dissolution of the second Duma. Coming at the present moment, it has the anomalous appearance of an ambitious politician retiring from power in the very moment of his triumph. That the Minister who fought hardest for the dispersal of the Duma is seeking private life because he feels his task is done, is scarcely credible. Bureaucrats do not sing *Nunc Dimittis* except on a distinct hint from higher quarters; and even the most fatuous member of the Black Hundred will scarcely maintain that absolutism is absolutely safe and the revolution permanently disabled. It is equally hard to interpret Von Schwanebach's departure as an act of contrition on the part of the Czar for his recent betrayal of the cause of liberty, as of his own solemn promise. Vacillating as Nicholas II. must come to stand in the eye of the world, such an abrupt about-face within a few days is scarcely conceivable, even at Peterhof. The dismissal of the Imperial comptroller was probably intended to proclaim abroad the Autocrat's elevation above party and his determination to rule by his own lights for the welfare of his entire people. It amounts to saying: "After dispersing the Duma because it was bent upon the destruction of the throne and of Holy Russia, We have dismissed those councillors who would have Us violate the pledges We have extended to Our people and the Fundamental Laws that rest upon Our immutable will."

Serious as the situation would appear to be in Portugal, an absolute break between ruler and people, culminating in possible revolution or in the establishment of an unconstitutional régime, is scarcely to be looked for. It is for the interest of Great Britain, Portugal's historical ally and protector, and of those Mediterranean nations whom Great Britain has recently drawn into a chain of understandings and agreements with herself, to prevent any political upheaval endangering the stability of the delicately adjusted balance in the Mediterranean. Portugal is a more important factor in European politics than we are inclined to believe from its confined position on the western edge of the Iberian peninsula. It has over five million inhabitants and rules over 800,000 miles of dependent territory in Africa and Asia, with a population of more than 9,000,000. It is its African possessions that give the kingdom particular importance in international affairs. Portuguese East Africa lies between British and German territory; Portuguese West Africa is bounded on the north by German Kamerun. Neither Great Britain nor Germany has probably lost the taste for geographical expansion, and a revolution in Portugal might have far-reaching results in Africa. The departure of the Portuguese crown prince on a long visit to the African colonies is not improbably an attempt to rally patriotic sentiment to the side of the throne, even to the uniforming of the rowers of the royal barge after the manner of the crews "in the days of Vasco da Gama."

Better feeling between the United States and Japan should be promoted by an address adopted at a joint meeting in Tokio of seven chambers of commerce, to be sent to the principal chambers in America. After a calm review of the "unfortunate incidents" and abuses from which the Japanese have suffered in California, the address deprecates the ill-feeling thus awakened, and declares that it may impair the commercial prosperity of both the countries concerned. The coöperation of Americans is desired in eliminating the present causes of discord. These Japanese organizations have likewise addressed President Roosevelt, hoping that he may reach "a speedy and satisfactory solution of existing difficulties." Chambers of commerce may be of real service in diplomacy, in saying informally things that governments may not wish to express. We hope that the response of the American chambers will be prompt, cordial, and sincere. They must realize that our unfortunate conduct towards our Japanese friends is seriously endangering our whole trade with the East, as well as our friendship with its peoples. They have the rare opportunity of displaying at once magnanimity and good business sense.

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POLITICAL PHRASE-MAKING.

"The Constitution," declared Senator Knox in his Yale address, "is not to perish at the hands of the impassioned phrase-maker." The making of this phrase against phrase-making has been hailed by the New York *Sun* as in itself the construction of a political platform; and it proceeds to elect Mr. Knox, and "half a dozen Presidents," upon it. Without any desire to interfere with the sport of electing Presidents proleptically, we may yet venture a word on the part which phrases have always played, and apparently always will play, in politics.

Mr. Knox himself never would have been a Senator of the United States but for the potency of the phrase. He comes from the State of Pennsylvania, which has been made and kept Republican by the hollowest of phrases. "Protection to American Industry," "Preserving the Home Market," "Making the Foreigner Pay the Tax"—these are some of the question-begging and confusion-producing phrases with which Pennsylvanians have been beguiled. The process began early. Webster had not been long at Washington before he wrote about the Pennsylvanians' coming to the capital to pester Congress about the tariff. Those were Webster's free-trade days; and he saw clearly the way in which selfishness and scheming were masking themselves in the pretence of benefiting American workingmen, diversifying our industries, and contributing to national pride. Yet he perceived also the taking nature of the specious pleas which were offered to disguise greed. American protectionists have, in fact, been shrewd and lucky in their phrases. They have known how to clothe self-seeking in the fine garments of love of country, and to make a vast system of social demoralization and political corruption wear an altruistic appearance. Their phrases have deceived the people, enriched the beneficiaries of the tariff, and made the political fortunes of a Cameron and a Quay, as well as a Knox.

We are not grumbling about this, save in so far as the phrases of the protectionists have covered up delusion and fraud. Phrases of some kind we must have in politics. This is only another way of saying that political battles cannot be waged without battle-cries. The Constitution, as a mere document, inspires and excites no voter. Nor will any long statute of the Legislature or of Congress stir him. He craves some tangible political doctrine, some immediate and concrete issue, and these can be placed before him only in words. And words, to penetrate and stick, must be sharpened into epigrams, or given point in a phrase. Mr. Lecky, in his book on Irish leaders and orators, alludes to the power which resides in the man who can originate "watchwords of party." All political history is full of their triumphs.

Yet political phrase-makers who have failed strew the shores of political annals. It is not given to every public man to know what will "go." In those sorrowful days when Admiral Dewey thought he was a Presidential candidate, reporters asked him on what platform he would stand. He innocently replied, "Why any platform at all? Why not just say 'The Flag'?" This unlucky attempt to make a phrase serve in lieu of ideas, worthy of Birdofredum Sawin as it was, applied the finishing stroke to the Admiral's candidacy. He would probably give as much to-day to sponge all that from the record as Bryan would to have his "cross-of-gold" phrase obliterated. Lord North described a certain Government bill as "a good recipe to knock up an Administration"; and many a political phrase has had a similarly disastrous boomerang effect upon its maker.

On the main question, however, there can be little doubt. Political man shall not live by phrases alone, but he certainly cannot live entirely without them. The greatest of causes has to be stated in a way to be made intelligible to the masses of the people; and he who sets out to do that cannot avoid making phrases. If he have a high order of political genius, he may invent something that will come home to his fellow-citizens in a way to move and lead them as no abstract statement or generalized speech could possibly do. The French put a contemptuous shade into their word *phraseur*; yet no nation has more signally illustrated in its history the great power, whether for good or evil, of political phrases, than has France. The French Revolution might be described as born of catchwords; and when men to-day speak of the ideas of '93, they often mean merely the swollen but empty words of '93. Mirabeau early predicted the rise of Robespierre, because, as he said, "that man believes every word he speaks." Put an earnest or even fanatical man behind some ingratiating and plausible political phrases, and you may expect him to do almost anything.

Phrases are designed to appeal to the imagination of men, and it is still true, as Napoleon said, that the world is governed by imagination. Of course, that faculty may play tricks with us. Napoleon himself finally became, according to Talleyrand, "the dupe of his own imagination." But politicians and even statesmen are all the while making their bids for the popular imagination, and usually do so by means of phrases. An English public man will talk, if he knows his business, not about Magna Charta, but about "Three Acres and a Cow"; our shrewdest politician will waste no time prating about the Constitution, when he can ring the changes on "The Square Deal." It is useless to complain of phrase-making. We all do it, better or worse. But every honest man will see to it that real truth shall be embodied in the political phrases he employs; and will insist that fraudulent party epithets and claims be classed with false labels on goods.

EXEMPTING PRIVATE PROPERTY AT SEA.

Mr. Choate's strong speech on Friday last in favor of the exempting of all private property at sea in war-time seems to have been the most notable event thus far at the Hague Conference, and produced the impression that this proposition will be adopted before the Conference adjourns. This is much to be desired. By no means too many positive results from this peace gathering are now in sight. If a better name for it at present would seem to be a Conference for the Amelioration of War, the exemption of private property would be a long step forward, for it would do away with one of the most plausible excuses for piling up naval armaments. Every navy now has its commerce-destroyers, some avowedly so built, others constructed as fast armored cruisers; but both kinds for the purpose of paralleling the record of the Alabama, in capturing or sinking unarmed merchantmen in war-time.

An ignoble aim this, particularly in view of the suffering inflicted upon innocent persons whose entire fortunes may be invested in a legitimate cargo. Yet it is warmly defended upon the ground that the way to end a war is to make your enemy suffer as much as possible, or, as Capt. Mahan has put it, "to stop maritime transportation, the increase of the enemy's wealth by circulation." Capt. Mahan also defends the capture of private property on the ground that a country is no more entitled to receive supplies than is the beleaguered garrison of a city. No besieging Power, he says, would be so foolish as to let wagons filled with supplies of any kind, whether public or private, enter such a beleaguered city. It is not that a maritime Power wants to confiscate private property for its own use, but in order to "hamper, weaken, and finally defeat the enemy." This is, of course, higher ground than that originally taken. In the Napoleonic period the regular naval officers, as well as the privateersmen with whom the oceans swarmed, captured private property afloat for the great personal profits to be obtained. This licensed plundering became so nauseous that privateering ended before the middle of the nineteenth century, neither the Federal Government nor the Confederate, for instance, issuing letters-of-marque in 1861.

So far as Capt. Mahan's analogy with the beleaguered town is concerned, it

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strikes us as somewhat forced. The abolition of the capture of private property at sea would not prevent the blockading of harbors, nor the prohibition of the importation of munitions of war. What it primarily aims at is the safeguarding of the American merchant vessel engaged in carrying a cargo from Shanghai to London during a war between France and the United States, or the taking of a load of English furniture into Portland, Me. It is absurd to think that driving such commerce off the seas would do much to hasten the end of the war. Certainly, all the depredations of the Alabama and her sister cruisers, had they been five times as great, could not in any way have affected the outcome of the Rebellion. But the truth is that Capt. Mahan, and Julian S. Corbett, who heartily endorses Capt. Mahan's position in the current *Nineteenth Century*, are not averse to war, but favor it, or believe in it as the final arbiter of international questions, and they are therefore not willing to have the power of navies weakened in this way. Others of their manner of thinking might oppose the abolition of the floating mine or the submarine on the same or similar grounds.

In England the difference of opinion is great. The Jingoes of the *Spectator* type are up in arms against the safeguarding of private property, and have eagerly seized upon the arguments outlined above to bolster up their own position, which is frankly, as the *Spectator* puts it, that "the interests of Britain, as the chief maritime Power of the world, would be seriously jeopardized by the abandonment of the right of capture." It is self-interest, therefore, which dictates their policy, and no consideration whatever for the advancement of peace or for the interests of the family of nations as a whole. Fortunately, there are more enlightened men at the head of the British Government, and there is every reason to suppose that Campbell-Bannerman and his entire Cabinet would loyally support their representatives at The Hague in adherence to Mr. Choate's proposal. That great jurist, the present Lord Chancellor of England, Lord Loreburn, more than two and one-half years ago gave to the London *Times* his reasons why he thought that Great Britain would profit by the exemption of private property at sea, and his arguments have not yet been successfully refuted. But he is, we believe, also in favor of the change on higher grounds. In Germany, and France too, the proposal meets with great favor. For instance, the Berlin *Tageblatt* asserts that any opposition to the principle comes only from a little group of navy-crazed men, and that the great bulk of the people desires its acceptance. Dr. Theodor Barth of Berlin recently gave similar testimony at the Mohonk Conference. The outlook, therefore, may well be considered favorable for action at The Hague.

For the United States, Mr. Choate was able to cite the numerous instances in which America has for years past proclaimed its support of the doctrine and also a Russian assertion that the success of the American principle would be a "crown of glory to modern diplomacy." He announced that President Roosevelt was so impressed with the importance of the question that he hoped for a vote on it by every nation at this Conference. This is most welcome intelligence; for such determination to succeed, backed by Mr. Choate's enthusiasm and ability, should go far to carry the day. A victory would truly mean a "crown of glory" for the American nation, as well as for diplomacy.

THE STILL AGED SENATE.

In the comments which have followed the death of Senator Morgan it has been often stated that the venerable Alabamian was a survival from a Senate that is no more. It has been easy to recall the other legislators of age and dignity who served with him in past years, but who no longer answer to the roll. Only two Congresses before the one which expired last March there were Platt and Hawley of Connecticut, Harris of Kansas, Hoar of Massachusetts, Cockrell and Vest of Missouri, and Bate of Tennessee, all of whom have since died or retired. Every one thought of the Senate as a body of men old in both years and experience. When Mr. Dooley observed that the election of Albert J. Beveridge at the age of eight reduced the Senate's average to ninety-three years he expressed the current impression of that body.

That younger men have been chosen to replace many leaders is a matter of course. One hears much of a "new type" of Senator which has come into prominence within a very few years. Senators like Burkett, Hemenway, La Follette, Frazier, and "Jeff" Davis are spoken of as if they were the first of their years ever to break into an assembly the motto of which had previously been "only Nestors need apply." Plainly, it is worth while to inquire how much the Senate really has changed in respect to the length of experience of its members. Mere age is manifestly not the criterion, for by the usages of the Senate itself an octogenarian is treated as a neophyte during his first term, while younger men who have had the chance to prove their qualities are heard with all respect. Let us, then, compare the present Senate with its predecessors in respect to the continuous service of its members.

To begin with, the dean of the present Senate, Mr. Allison, has served longer without interruption than any previous wearer of the toga. On this Independence Day he rounds out thirty-four years and four months of continuous service. Justin S. Morrill of Vermont died on December 28, 1898, with thirty-one years, nine months, and twenty-four days to his credit, while Thomas H. Benton, though he entitled his memoirs "Thirty Years in the United States Senate," was a member of the upper house only from August 10, 1821, to March 3, 1851, and really lacked more than four months of his thirty years.

In the nature of things, a service of thirty years must be altogether exceptional. Few men are young when chosen to the Senate; and even if the incumbent lives long enough, political conditions must be rather uncommonly stable if he is to enjoy five successive reëlections. But the twenty-year Senator is a more normal product, and there are few members so old when elected that they may not look forward to the possibility of ten years at Washington. When the first Congress convened in 1797, the entire membership was, of course, new. Ten years later, the Fifth Congress found only four of the original thirty-two Senators in their places. In the Tenth Congress there was no Senator who had served in the first, and only two who were in the fifth. In the Fifteenth Congress not only all the Senators from the Fifth Congress, but all except one of those from the Tenth Congress, had retired. So it is evident that the first three decades did practically nothing toward developing a Senate of veterans. When Daniel Webster came to the Senate in 1827, there was not one of the forty-eight Senators who had served more than twenty years, though an even ten had completed one decade.

Taking account of the Congresses at ten-year intervals only, Benton's is the first name which appears in the twenty-year column. This is in the Thirtieth Congress, in the year 1847. There is no other until more than ten years after the close of the war, when, in the Fiftieth Congress, the two Vermont Senators, Edmunds and Morrill, appear in the twenty-year class together.

The proportion of Senators of long service at each of these points may be shown by means of a table:

Congress:	Membership.	30 years.	20 years.	10 years.
1797 5th.....	32	0	0	4
1807 10th.....	34	0	0	2
1817 15th.....	42	0	0	1
1827 20th.....	48	0	0	10
1837 25th.....	52	0	0	6
1847 30th.....	60	0	1	9
1857 35th.....	66	0	0	17
1867 40th.....	66	0	0	9
1877 45th.....	76	0	0	12
1887 50th.....	76	0	2	16
1897 55th.....	90	1	6	22

Never in the days when there were giants in the Senate did it contain either relatively or absolutely so many veterans as it did ten years ago. In the Fifty-fifth Congress Morrill had served thirty years, Cockrell, Harris of Tennes-

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see, Hoar, Morgan, Allison, and Jones of Nevada, more than twenty, while Aldrich, Bate, Daniel, Davis, Faulkner, George, Gorman, Gray, Hale, Hawley, Pasco, Quay, Stewart, Turpie, Berry, Cullom, Frye, Walthall, Jones of Arkansas, Platt of Connecticut, Teller, and Vest had taken their seats more than ter years previously.

Remarkable as this list appears, and striking as the changes since that day appear, the Senate, if it were called in special session to-morrow, would make an equally good showing. Allison, as already stated, has more than thirty years of Senatorial work behind him, Hale, Frye, Aldrich, Cullom, Teller, and Daniel, more than twenty each, and Gallinger, Hansbrough, Proctor, Lodge, Perkins, Burrows, Clark of Wyoming, Bacon, Elkins, Martin, Nelson, Tillman, Warren, Wetmore, Clay, Foraker, McEnery, Penrose, Pettus, Platt, Mallory, and Money, more than ten each. The proportion is exactly the same as it was a decade ago, one of the ninety Senators having served for thirty years, six for twenty, and twenty-two for ten.

The important fact about the Senate's composition, then, is not that our States are electing to the upper house men a few years younger than was customary at earlier periods, but that once chosen, they are returning year after year as large a proportion as formerly, if not larger. Give a young Senator time enough and he will turn inevitably into an old Senator. Indeed, the comparative youth of some of the present "first-termers" gives the best reason for hoping that ten and twenty years hence the Senate will possess another group of ripe statesmen like those who entered it in the seventies.

SAVINGS-BANK INSURANCE.

Less than a year of agitation in Massachusetts secured the passage of an act which Gov. Guild signed last week permitting incorporated savings banks to establish life-insurance departments. A magazine article by Louis D. Brandeis was the first stimulus of the movement, which was carried to success chiefly by an efficient Massachusetts Savings Insurance League and an influential Committee of One Hundred.

The most effective argument for the new law was presented in the contrast between the 37.21 per cent. of premium receipts which went for expenses of management in the three companies writing the bulk of this country's industrial insurance, and the 1.47 per cent. of deposits spent on the management of the Massachusetts savings banks. Mr. Brandeis showed that a man who began on his twenty-first birthday to pay 50 cents a week to one of the industrial insurance companies, and deposited an equal sum in a savings bank, would, if he lived for the 40.25 years allotted him by the mortality tables, leave a bank-account of $2,265.90, as against only $320 of life insurance. As the Armstrong report showed, the excessive cost of industrial insurance was not due in any considerable degree to extravagant or dishonest management, but was unavoidable when agents were employed to solicit policies of a few hundred dollars and to collect dime and nickel premiums weekly from house to house. By permitting the savings banks to write insurance, the thrifty workingman could be saved all these items of expense, and at the same time entrust his premiums to institutions always notable for the honesty and economy of their management.

In establishing the new system the Legislature has taken pains to prevent the savings banks with their enlarged powers from following in the paths of some of the insurance concerns. Indeed, the amendments inserted after the original drafting of the bill appear to have been all in the nature of additional safeguards to the policyholder. The consent of the bank commissioner is necessary before any savings bank can establish an insurance department at all. The funds of the two departments are in all cases to be kept entirely separate. Insurance investments are limited to those now permitted for savings banks, except that loans may be made on policies. No solicitors or house-to-house collectors may be employed. Only residents of Massachusetts may be originally insured, and a list of outstanding policies is to be filed with the insurance commissioner every month. The savings bank's business is practically limited to the industrial form of insurance by a clause prohibiting it from writing policies binding it to pay more than $500 death benefit or more than a $200 annuity. The bank's license to issue policies is to be revokable by the commissioner on thirty days' notice, "provided not more than twenty thousand dollars of insurance on not less than one hundred lives . . . then remain outstanding." Finally, the expense guarantee fund—not less than $5,000 for each bank—and the insurance guarantee fund—not less than $20,000 for each bank—are entrusted to a newly created body, the General Insurance Guaranty Fund, seven trustees of which are appointed by the Governor, and which itself chooses the State actuary and State medical director.

Enough banks to give the project an adequate trial have already promised to avail themselves of the provisions of the act, and as one of its friends writes, "its success will depend wholly upon whether we sufficiently educate the community to avail itself of the opportunities afforded." The unknown factor in the situation is the amount of business which the new departments may expect, and this depends on factors which are partly psychological The workingman who wants to provide a few hundred dollars of death benefits hereafter has the choice of a variety of insurance enormously expensive, and another which should be extremely cheap. In the one case he must pay premiums for two or three years before the initial charges for writing his policy are paid; in the other these should be little more than would be entailed by opening and carrying a savings account. If two business houses in any other line competed on such terms, the result could not be long in doubt. Yet opposed to the advantages and economies of the savings bank is the axiom that human beings will not insure their lives voluntarily. People who could not sleep if their houses stood overnight without fire insurance have to be dragooned into insuring their lives. The man who applies for a life policy in the old-line companies is regarded with some suspicion, because the assumption is that if he were in sound health, he would wait for the agent to approach him. It is recognized by actuaries, we believe, that the life insurance company which merely opens an office and waits for business to come voluntarily secures in the long run an undesirable class of risks, unless it is exceptionally careful in selection.

The savings bank, however, is in a vastly more advantageous position than any independent insurance company. It is already in touch with the intelligent and provident working people. They now frequent its offices where hereafter deposits will be received at one window and insurance premiums at another. At least the depositor can hardly fail to have presented to him the argument that the two chief forms of modest savings investment can best be conducted on the same principles. Confessedly an experiment now, the insurance department of the savings bank has wonderful possibilities for usefulness, if only it can overcome by education the public's curious inertia in the matter of life insurance.

OPERATIC DIRECTORS.

What is known in foreign musical circles as the "Conried Peril" is agitating Austrian and German newspapers more than ever. The manager of the Metropolitan Opera House is making his usual summer tour of foreign cities, picking out the best singers and bribing them away with offers of what over there are considered "fabulous" emoluments. No German opera house has more than two or three first-class singers at any one time, and these are the very ones whom the affluent American is after. In Vienna, a few years ago, the best prima donna was Miss Edith Walker, and Mr. Conried took her away. Berlin had Miss

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Farrar and Miss Destinn; Mr. Conried brought over Miss Farrar, and Miss Destinn is to follow soon. Munich had Ternina and Morena, Knote and Reiss; Conried has got them all, even Miss Morena, whom he has just engaged for three years. And so it goes in every city. However, the *Zeit* of Vienna declares triumphantly that "the European directors have made up their minds no longer to permit their best artists to be taken away from them. They will meet this summer for the purpose of forming a Trust against Conried, and, by the alteration of contracts, make it more difficult for European artists to accept an engagement across the ocean at whatever moment they choose."

We need, however, hardly worry over that Directors' Trust. Great artists, being scarce, can, like domestic servants, make their own terms and scout contracts. What aggravates the situation is that the terrible Conried is not only after the artists, but is seeking, with true New World effrontery, to entice away the very directors to serve under him as conductors. He tried to get Felix Mottl of Munich; failing this, he made overtures to Director Mahler of the Imperial Opera in Vienna; these two men being the most conspicuous operatic directors at present in Greater Germany. That Mottl refused his offer is not to be wondered at, for he is just now the most sought-after musician in Europe. German cities fairly fight for him.

For several weeks the newspapers of Munich and Vienna had a daily column on the Mottl question: Would the adored Felix remain in Munich or go to Vienna to replace Mahler? Four years ago he accepted the position of Generalmusikdirektor in Munich at the unprecedented figure of $9,000 a year. Being a Viennese by birth, he would have preferred to be called to his native city, but there was no opening there as long as Mahler remained at the head of affairs. Some months ago, however, there were persistent rumors that Mahler would resign. It was said that he wanted to devote all his time to composing (he is a prolific writer of interminable symphonies); that his tyrannical conduct (he is a great martinet, and makes all the singers submit to his will in every detail) had made it impossible for him to remain; that his pretended reforms had been found of merely ephemeral significance; and that he had accepted an offer from Conried to become the head conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House.

At a recent meeting of the Philharmonic Society in Vienna, 86 out of 94 members voted to have Mottl as their sole conductor for next season (even in case he remained in Munch). As Mahler received only four votes, it seemed as if matters were coming to a crisis. The secret leaked out that the operatic arbiters in Vienna began as long ago as last September to negotiate with Mottl. But Mottl's Munich contract tied him for ten years, and he could not without valid reason ask to be released. At the opportune moment came the cabal against him—practically an attempt to drive him out of the city, as Wagner and Hans von Bülow were driven out in their day. Mottl brought suit against a newspaper for libellous misrepresentation, and the result was a great personal triumph. On his reappearance at the Opera he received an ovation lasting a quarter of an hour. Still, it was deemed pardonable, under the circumstances, that he should lend a willing ear to the offer from Vienna and ask to be released from his engagement.

The contradictory reports in the newspapers were set at rest when the Prince Regent of Bavaria issued a communication in which he said: "The request of Generalmusikdirektor Mottl is based on personal grounds. Opposed to these, however, is the more important consideration of the musical and dramatic art of Munich, for which the departure of a leader of the extraordinary significance of Generalmusikdirektor Mottl would mean a great and scarcely reparable loss. This consideration forbids my granting his request after so short an incumbency of his position." So Mottl remains in Munich, with new recognition and promotion, while Mahler leaves Vienna, and now everybody is wondering who will be his successor, Richard Strauss and Weingartner being most frequently suggested. But Weingartner has had all the experience he wants in connection with opera houses, while Strauss has too advantageous a position in Berlin—one involving little work and allowing plenty of time for composition —to be likely to give it up.

Richard Wallaschek, the noted Viennese critic, asks with good reason why it should be assumed that the director of an opera house must necessarily be a conductor. He sees no more reason why he should be such than why a physician should be his own apothecary and undertaker, or a judge his own clerk. The ideal director is, in his opinion, a good deal like an ideal librarian, who should not be a scholarly specialist so much as a man conversant with the whole book world, and able to judge what, on diverse grounds, it is best for him to acquire. The main duties of a director are the choice of operas, new and old, for his repertory; the engagement of good singers (in this Mahler failed wofully); and travelling from city to city to study the situation and gather hints. Conductors and composers doing these things waste time that might be more profitably employed in their own specialty. Shall we conclude, then, that our own Heinrich Conried and Oscar Hammerstein come nearer the ideal of an operatic director than Mottl and Mahler, since they are neither conductors nor composers?

AUTHORS AND THEIR FOOD.

A symposium has been going on of late in the columns of a morning newspaper on the proper diet for men and women of letters. Strangely, for once, the members of the irritable fraternity seem to be displaying an amazing unanimity of opinion. The vast majority is for a regimen that is light to the point of being ethereal. Meat seldom makes its appearance; when it does, it blushes and feels out of place, like an eighteenth-century country bumpkin in an elegant eighteenth-century salon. The favorite breakfast dish is a glass of cold water; a good many would add thereto a banana or two, while the weakest spirits go so far as a small pitcher of milk and cream and one diaphanous slice of the bread that our mothers did not use to make. Lunch is about twice as heavy as breakfast, especially as far as the cold water is concerned. Dinner shows an array of courses; their number might almost stir the average reader to something like enthusiasm, if it were not for a general effect of unsubstantial Whistleresque monochrome.

Thin fare, indeed; and, a materialist would be inclined to say, capable of producing only an anæmic literature. But the writers themselves deny it. Never, so runs the general tenor, had they felt as well in nerves, in body, in mind, as these last two years when they have been subsisting only on whipped cream and whole wheat bread, and never had their pens travelled in such felicitous concourse with the rapid flow of blood in their tingling veins. That, presumably, is why we have such a fine, optimistic body of fiction, where the men are all masterful and straight, and the women are all gentle and fair, and all ends well. Seeing things from their cruel side, knocking one's head against the riddle of life, all this *Weltschmerz* that we hear so much of—we have all felt its crushing pain and found it was only indigestion. If Goethe had been acquainted with the nutritive qualities of Graham bread, "Werther" would not have preached mawkish sentimentality to generations of lovers. Senancour and Amiel should have lived more on the curdled milk of their own high latitudes. Much of the so-called Puritan austerity in Hawthorne may be interpreted in terms of doughnuts.

And yet great optimists ate and wrote. Balzac and his frequent surrender to Gargantuan prandiolatry; Scott, who made furtive excursions from his chamber in Wordsworth's house to the village inn, where mutton chops and ale gave him strength for continued so-

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journ in a rare and high atmosphere; Browning, who was as smoothly rounded as any of your well-fed city traders and aldermen, up to the very king of them all, who, as a youth, showed such a finely cultivated taste for venison—there is authority enough for maintaining that genius shows itself also in its capacity for transforming gross matter into undying form. On the other hand, it is open to doubt whether the ascetic principle that animates the modern literary menu, does not really hamper and cripple the imagination. Spirituality on thin gruel is possible; but, verve, *élan*, on creamed potatoes and asparagus tips is hard to conceive, and even concentration is extremely difficult on a nagging stomach. And the moral travail! Invariably it is one-half of an orange, three-quarters of a bowl of milk, ten spoonfuls of a plate of pea soup, the crust only of a slice of bread. The effort of will necessary to put away the other half of the orange, abstain from the remaining 25 per cent. of the milk, turn aside from the final half-dozen spoonfuls of soup, or crush the hankering for the delicious soft of the bread, must leave one too weak for literary work, or work of any other kind, or for any appreciation, in fact, of the joy of life.

The trouble is that our writers, being an imaginative and credulous folk, have been led away by the preachments of the scientific dietarians. Only the other day a congressful of them met in London and gave birth to a new crop of formulæ. Who knows not the typical dietetic confession of faith: "I believe, or I assent, that a small plate of porridge is equal in proteid value to two thick slices of a four-pound loaf of bread. I assert that an egg contains as much nutriment as a pound of sirloin steak; that two sandwiches of French bread with watercress are convertible into as many foot-pounds of energy as a good-sized Irish stew." If the men who promulgate such beliefs are not nature fakers, they are, to say the least, very poor practical scientists. The engineer would never risk a trainload of people on a bridge that was just theoretically strong enough. He multiplies its theoretical strength by five; and that is what the dietarians should do. If, instead of the theoretical unitary egg that equals a pound of meat in utility, they said five eggs, and instead of two watercress sandwiches, they said ten, much could be forgiven them.

As for the unanimous favor with which a thin vegetable diet is regarded by our literary workers, we cannot find a reason, unless it is that, being for the most part still unknown, they are all engaged in writing the same kind of salable stories, and are therefore, till success comes, unanimous—and vegetarians. When they have "arrived," they will differentiate and take to meat. A perpetually uniform diet for authors is inconceivable. We cannot think of Jack London as surviving very long without raw beefsteak and moonshine whiskey; Josephine Dodge Daskam surely lives on Pasteurized milk and lady-fingers; Richard Harding Davis on pâté de foie gras, washed down with extra dry, and Maurice Hewlett on venison pasties and October ale. We should not be surprised if some authors ate grape-fruit and toast before sending out their hero and heroine on their climb up the Matterhorn, and dined on lobster salad before writing the scene in which she rejects him. So every literary *genre* might have its own gustatory atmosphere. As the poet may have remarked:

Eggs is for Epics, where the brave meet the fair.
Lentils for Lyrics on Melisande's hair,
Nuts is for Nature books . . .

CHESTERFIELD.—II.

Lord Chesterfield's Letters are divided into two distinct collections, those to various correspondents on Political and Miscellaneous topics and those To his Son on Education. They are alike in the dry light, the almost pitiless clarity of intelligence which they throw upon all the affairs of life, but in other respects they are naturally diverse. One is impressed in the general collection by the shrewd understanding of men and movements which again and again predicts the shifting political combinations of the age. Nor did he fail to observe the larger currents of national destiny, as in his insight into the condition of France, the clearest expression of which occurs, however, in a letter to his son: "In short, all the symptoms which I have ever met with in history previous to great changes and revolutions in government, now exist and daily increase in France." With this insight goes an irresistible impulse to elucidate and advise; there is, in fact, just a touch of the schoolmaster, strangely compounded with the fine gentleman, in his inveterate didacticism—notable especially in the letters to his Irish friends. No one, not even Swift, ever understood Ireland better, or sympathized with her more heartily, than this British disciple of Rochefoucauld. He was constant in his support of the manufactures of paper and linen, by which he hoped the country could be brought to efficient independence. In his friendships generally, few but enduring, he maintains a kind of discreet enthusiasm, rising in the correspondence with one or two French ladies to a really exquisite gallantry. Was ever a prettier compliment turned than that by which he made his desire to conform his dates to those of Madame de Monconseil's letters the cause of reforming the British calendar? The whole letter (11 Avril, V. S., 1751) should be read in connection with that to his son a month earlier, to see with what refinement of address he turns the same notable act to the uses of pedagogy and courtesy. There is the proud self-effacement of the good teacher in the one, as of the courtly gentleman in the other: "Mais enfin voilà votre style établi ici. Voyez par là comment le public ignore presque toujours les véritables causes des évènements; car il ne vous soupçonne pas d'entrer pour quelque chose dans celui-ci."

But it is the long series of letters to his son that have made the name of Chesterfield to be a living symbol. No legitimate children were born to him, but while at The Hague he had formed a *liaison* with a certain Madame du Bouchet, governess in a wealthy Dutch family, who followed him to England and lived there quietly on an allowance during his life. In 1732, their son, Philip Stanhope, was born. Never was legitimate child trained and pushed in the world with such unwearied assiduity; in the care of this boy the father and the pedagogue combined in Chesterfield to produce an overpowering anxiety. He was educated under the best masters and then sent, with a "bear-leader," to the Continent for years to be ripened and *décrotté*. Parliament and diplomacy were both opened to him, but in the end, owing in part to the stigma of his birth and in part to an invincible clumsiness of manner, he was little better than a failure. In 1768 his death revealed the fact that he had been secretly married to a lady, who made profit of the connection by selling the Earl's treasured letters to her husband for £1,575. They were published in 1774, to the scandal of the family and of England.

In truth, few men dared at the time to defend these extraordinary documents. Horace Walpole was shocked by their naked candor. "A most proper book of laws," he calls them, "for the generation in which it is published; they have reduced the folly and worthlessness of the age to a regular system." But all the world read them, even though, like John Wesley, they were horrified at the picture of this cunning libertine "studiously instilling into the young man all the principles of debauchery, when he himself was between seventy and eighty years old." Dr. Johnson, with more vigor than justice, had already, in his terrible satire of the Patron, held Chesterfield up to contempt, and now he flung upon the author of the Letters a hideous phrase which no amount of palliation can ever quite obliterate. These things occurred toward the end of the century, when the age was in a somewhat repentant mood for its sins. Having become established in virtue, the world to-day can afford to be a little more lenient—and just. For really the manners taught by Lord Chesterfield were not those of a dancing master, nor the morals—what Dr. Johnson was permitted to call them. There is enough to excuse without any such distortion of the truth as this, and, to have done with the subject, we may admit that certain passages of the letters not only sin against the strict laws of virtue—indeed, the whole tenor of their instruction does that—but transgress the social code of the day. At times they drop to downright scheming heartlessness, when my Lord commonly acknowledges a slight twinge of conscience by writing his counsel in French. The purport of that advice may be gathered from one of the milder English observations:

> The gallantry of high life, though not strictly justifiable, carries, at least, no external marks of infamy about it. Neither the heart nor the constitution is corrupted by it; neither nose nor character lost by it; manners, possibly, improved.

It would be disingenuous to omit any al-

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lusion to such passages as these, but it would be equally unfair to suppose that they give the tone to the Letters as a whole. Nor would it be just to condemn the frankness of their morals on the principle of *pueris reverentia*. It must be remembered always that they were written to an illegitimate son, to whom the preaching of rigid virtue would imply either repentance or hypocrisy on the part of the writer, and Chesterfield was neither repentant nor hypocritic. It must be remembered also that they were never intended for publication, and this for their literary as well as their moral qualities. Their greatest fault as compositions is a certain monotony arising from endless repetition of the same theme, very useful in pressing home the desired lesson, but rather irksome when the Letters are read together. Their chief excellence is their style, for which our admiration must be heightened by knowing they were entirely unpremeditated. To one who takes pleasure in the sheer mastery of a difficult artistic medium, the language of Lord Chesterfield must be a continual wonder and joy. He had not the measured eloquence of Bolingbroke, the gravity of Dr. Johnson, the naïve grace of Goldsmith, the homely elegance of Cowper, or the idiomatic ease of Gray; his style lacks color and magnetism; but he had other qualities which make his Letters on the whole the finest model of English of the mid-eighteenth century; and beside it most writing in English seems to wallow unwieldy. It is distinguished for precision, unfaltering directness, and a kind of splendid clearness. It cannot be judged from specimens, for its effect depends on sustained balance of tone; there are no purple patches. To read it is to feel such an exhilaration as comes from watching the swift, thin motion of a foil in the hand of a skilled fencer—and the foil has no button. We have seen how he trained himself as a stylist while at college, but his real masters were the great French writers, whom he knew personally and imitated, and to whom he was in turn *l'homme le plus spirituel des trois royaumes*. He had helped to introduce Voltaire and Montesquieu to British philosophy and government, and had filched from them the mysteries of French prose. His English is thoroughly idiomatic, but there is not the slightest jar in passing from his letters in that language to those in French scattered through the collection.

And from France also he borrowed another trait. Englishmen are not frank, or, perhaps, not logical. There is grossness and plain-speaking aplenty in their letters throughout the eighteenth century, but it is sheer naughtiness; they rarely deny the convention of morality. Now Chesterfield was French in conforming his standards with his acts. One finds extremely little of the contemporary coarseness in his Letters, but they accept unreservedly and, indeed, unblushingly inculcate the practical code of society as he knew it. They are overwhelmingly honest, honest in a far higher sense than can be applied, for instance, to the garrulous self-revelation of a Pepys, or to the portrait of a creature of impulse like Tom Jones. Here, if anywhere, the man of the world, the *honnête homme*, as he then was, and as, at heart, he still is, stands exhibited; there is something almost sublime in the dry unshrinking light cast upon him. And if much must be reprobated in that character, much also is admirable and at all times worthy of imitation. He was the late product of an art which has practically passed from the world. We are concerned to-day about our duties and our pleasures, and about the means of making life efficient; but who is concerned to mould his life into an artistic design? We write enormously of all the mechanical arts, but where is to be found a modern treatise on the one supreme art of living? It did not use to be so, as any one knows who has read the literature of the Renaissance.

It would carry me too far, even if I had the material at hand, to trace the development of this conception of life as one of the fine arts. There are hints of it in Xenophon and Horace and other writers of antiquity, but its real origin would be found in the engrafting of the classical sense of measure on the mediæval ideal of chivalry. Petrarch's sonnets and letters may be regarded as the opening of the voluminous literature that sprang up on the subject, and the "Decameron," with its bravely ordained delights against the background of the deadly plague, started its course in fiction.* From these sources the art became gradually defined and specialized, reaching its climax in Castiglione's elaborate dialogue on the training of "The Courtier," certainly one of the richest fruits of the Italian genius. The art came over seas to England with the rest of the Renaissance, and soon made itself felt in literature. Lyly's "Euphues" is at the head of the new genre, that book, to follow the title page, "Very pleasant for all Gentlemen to reade, and most necessary to remember: wherein are contained the delights that Wyt followeth in his youth by the pleasauntnesse of Love, and the happynesse he reapeth in age, by the perfectnesse of Wisedome." "The Faerie Queene" is the flower of the school in England, with its confessed attempt "to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline" by uniting "the twelve private morall vertues" of Aristotle with the graces of chivalry. There is a long drop from "The Faerie Queene" to Peacham's "Compleat Gentleman" (1622), but the ideal, *ut in honore cum dignitate vivamus*, is still in view, and we are preparing for Chesterfield in such passages as this:

There is no one thing that setteth a fairer stampe upon Nobility then evennesse of Carriage, and care of our Reputation, without which our most gracefull gifts are dead and dull, as the Diamond without his foile: for hereupon as on the frontispice of a magnificent Pallace, are fixed the eyes of all passengers, and hereby the height of our Iudgements (even our selves) is taken.

The Civil War left scant leisure or appetite for discoursing on delicate points of conduct, and the Restoration brought back with it all the froth of France without the substance. It remained for the dull and boorish court of Hanover to smother vice in vulgarity, and it was nothing to Chesterfield's discredit that both George II. and Caroline feared and detested him; his passionate pleading for refinement of manners may be understood when we read Hervey's record of the family doings at St. James's and Hampton Court.

These Letters of Lord Chesterfield to his son, then, are to be taken as a part, and perhaps the most valuable part, of that literature of Courtesy which began at the first dawn of the Renaissance. But it must not be supposed that in cultivating the art of life he meant to belittle the need of a substantial foundation. On the contrary, their whole aim was to prepare the boy for an efficient career as a statesman, not without the spur of generous service to his country. They insist upon strenuous study, although my Lord would avoid the pedantry of the universities; they declare again and again that nothing can be accomplished without application and the habit of attention. The first letter of the collection, written in French to the lad when he was only seven years old, is a disquisition in little on the necessity of cultivating eloquence, ending with the observation: "*Nascitur Poeta, fit Orator:* c'est-à-dire, qu'il faut être né avec une certaine force et vivacité d'esprit pour être Poète; mais que l'attention, la lecture, et le travail suffisent pour faire un Orateur." In other words, the young Stanhope was already destined for Parliament. Nor is morality, as the writer understood it, neglected; he was earnest in trying to set the boy *à l'abri des grands écueils de la jeunesse*, and was not ashamed to warn him from the evils of gambling by his own example, for play, he had to admit, had been his one ruling and wasteful passion.

But it is true that toward the end these precepts are for the most part merely implicit in the letters and that the *fortiter in re* appears to be forgotten too often in the *suaviter in modo;* the end is swallowed up in the means. It happened that the young man developed a disposition studious and serious to excess, with little care for the graces; hence his Mentor's exaggerated emphasis on that side of education. The basis of Chesterfield's theory of education and something of his insight into the workings of human nature can be seen from a few quotations taken somewhat at random:

I would wish you to be a Corinthian edifice, upon a Tuscan foundation; the latter having the utmost strength and solidity to support, and the former all possible ornaments to decorate.

A proper secrecy is the only mystery of able men; mystery is the only secrecy of weak and cunning ones.

A man of the world must, like the chameleon, be able to take every different hue; which is by no means a criminal or abject, but a necessary complaisance, for it relates only to manners and not to morals.

Smooth your way to the head through the heart. The way of reason is a good one; but it is commonly something longer, and perhaps not so sure.

Knowledge may give weight, but accomplishments only give lustre; and many more people see than weigh.

Never seem wiser, nor more learned, than the people you are with. Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket: and do not pull it out and strike it, merely to show that you have one.

It is hard to say which is the greater fool, he who tells the whole truth or he who tells no truth at all. Character is as necessary in business as in trade. No man can deceive often in either.

*The very tone and color of its gayer aspect are given by Boccaccio in the stately language of his introduction: "Io giudicherei ottimamente fatto che noi, . . fuggendo come la morte i disonesti esempli degli altri, *onestamente a' nostri luoghi in contado*, de' quali a ciascuna di noi è gran copia, ce ne andassimo a stare: e quivi quella festa, quella allegrezza, quello piacere che noi potessimo, senza trapassare in alcuno atto il segno della ragione, prendessimo."

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Have a real reserve with almost everybody, and have a seeming reserve with almost nobody; for it is very disagreeable to seem reserved, and very dangerous not to be so.

I, who have been behind the scenes, both of pleasure and business, and have seen all the springs and pullies of those decorations which astonish and dazzle the audience, retire, not only without regret, but with contentment and satisfaction. But what I do, and ever shall, regret, is the time which, while young, I lost in mere idleness and in doing nothing. . . . Do not imagine that by the employment of time I mean an uninterrupted application to serious studies. No; pleasures are, at proper times, both as necessary and as useful; they fashion and form you for the world; they teach you characters, and show you the human heart in its unguarded minutes. But then remember to make use of them. I have known many people, from laziness of mind, go through both pleasure and business with equal inattention; neither enjoying the one nor doing the other; thinking themselves men of pleasure because they were mingled with those who were, and men of business because they had business to do, though they did not do it. Whatever you do, do it to the purpose; do it thoroughly, not superficially. *Approfondissez:* go to the bottom of things.

Having mentioned laughing, I must particularly warn you against it; and I could heartily wish that you may often be seen to smile, but never heard to laugh while you live.

Good-breeding, and good-nature, do incline us rather to help and raise people up to ourselves, than to mortify and depress them; and, in truth, our private interest concurs in it, as it is making ourselves so many friends, instead of so many enemies.

The sure characteristic of a sound and strong mind is, to find in everything those certain bounds, *quos ultra citrave nequit consistere rectum.* These boundaries are marked out by a very fine line, which only good-sense and attention can discover; it is much too fine for vulgar eyes. In manners, this line is good-breeding; beyond it, is troublesome ceremony; short of it, is unbecoming negligence and inattention.

Whoever is in a hurry shows that the thing he is about is too big for him. Haste and hurry are very different things.

There is nothing reprehensible in all this, and Chesterfield's insistence on the minutest points of good-breeding—an insistence which cannot be conveyed to the reader by particular quotations—can be censured only when it is coupled with the cynical distrust of human nature which he learned from Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère—and from living society. Undoubtedly his instruction, despite his words to the contrary, too often leads to the conclusion that men are either knaves or fools, either deceiving or deceived by means of the mere semblance of things. The art of living has an ugly tendency to transform itself into a masque of imposture. His second great maxim, *volto sciolto e pensieri stretti,* is at times not far removed from Machiavelli's system of moral strategy, or, if we wish to remain within Great Britain, to Francis Bacon's adaptation of that system: "Have openness in fame and repute, secrecy in habit; dissimulation in seasonable use, and a power to feign if there be no remedy; mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver which may make the metal work better." Well, it was the practical code of the day, if not of all days, and in the end our indignation reduces itself to Walpole's disgust at seeing folly and treachery clothed in frank authority. There is an inevitable injustice in writing about Chesterfield; the more questionable side of his morality somehow assumes an importance out of all proportion to its real place. Only long familiarity with his Letters can acquaint one with their better wisdom and their brave and unfailing acceptance of human conditions. It is depressingly easy to lay bare the snares to virtue they contain, whereas only here and there will any reader clearly apprehend and make his own that supreme art of living of which they are the last and most honest exhibition. They present the Sir Charles Grandison of real life. P. E. M.

PARIS BOOK NOTES.

PARIS, June 21.

From Easter to June is "the season" in Paris books as in society. This season an unusual number of new publications deal with our own day and generation, that of the Third French Republic.

The most surprising to those avid of real personalities half slips out of this group because its author, Charles Bocher, is in his ninety-second year, and, including what he has been told at first hand, proudly puts on the title-page of his Memoirs—"1760 to 1907." He has long been known to Tout-Paris as the "dean" of the *habitués* of the Opera; he began in 1828, four years after the death at ninety-two of another dean, the Marquis de Mornay, who had fought in 1745 at the battle of Fontenoy. M. Bocher's godfather was the future Charles X.; and his own father told him personal experiences of the Old Régime and the Revolution and Empire. His college professor was Philippe Lebas, son of Robespierre's companion in life and death, and he himself well remembers Robespierre's aged sister. His school examiners were Cuvier and Ampère. Madame de Chateaubriand gave him chocolate of Sundays, and he was admitted as a young man to the close circle of Madame Récamier. He entered Saint-Cyr in 1836; and he passed his vacations with the last of the famous family of geographers, Cassini, who was then eighty-eight and retailed gossip told him by his own grandfather from the seventeenth century and the Court of Louis XIV.

Madame Adam publishes the fifth volume of her Memoirs—"Mes angoisses et nos luttes (1871-1873)"—notes taken day by day during the cruel downfall and swift resurrection of France. Victor Hugo sat up all night to read them. Madame Adam helped then to give Gambetta his predominance in the transformation of their country; the test of experience has perhaps since shaken her confidence in his political wisdom, so true is it that the Radicals of one generation are the Reactionists of the next; at the time a bitter critic described Gambetta as "a one-eyed man who only saw one side of things."

A sober historical work, by one who figured in the strife and not on Gambetta's side, is "L'Assemblée Nationale de 1871," by Senator de Marcère, a founder and leader of the Republican Centre. This second volume finishes the Presidency of Marshal MacMahon—"the end of the Conservative Republic," which Thiers said was the only Republic that could endure in France, and which Gambetta made finally impossible. The impartiality of this volume is praised even by those who look on its author as the type of a Reactionary. The remaining notes of Gontault Biron, first French ambassador to Berlin after the war, complete another work on this period.

"Le Cœur de Gambetta," by Francis Laur, former Deputy, deals with ultra-private life; it includes the letters to Madame Léonie Léon, whose recent death revived interest in the famous *liaison.* The book is not without historical importance, as showing the substantial nature of the man who transformed France.

"L'Émigré" of Paul Bourget is, of course, fiction; but it essays to deal honestly and philosophically with those who have an inherited homesickness for the Old France. It belongs to that growing school of *intellectuels—idéologues* was Napoleon's name for them—who would complicate the forward evolution of France with a definite revolution backwards.

A very frank book on the immediate danger—"Le Péril de la race," by Émile Pierret—treats of three physical evils more tangible than ideas—*avarie,* alcoholism, tuberculosis. Minds that jump at conclusions should reflect how the same evils exist in all civilized countries, and that the cry of alarm for the tainted part of a population should not be used to bolster up legends about the wholesome mass.

In the "Confessions de ma vie," by Wanda de Sacher-Masoch, we skirt other abysses of civilized aberration; yet neither she, nor the husband whose name she bears—the Sacher-Masoch of the harmless Jewish stories and of the harmful aberration known by his name—nor the second husband known as "Jacques Saint-Cère," was French; and mere living in cosmopolitan Paris could not make them so.

Paul Verlaine, on the contrary, with all his abyssmal faults, may be claimed by France as her own honorably; he was in at the start of the recent poets, of whom he is easily the first; and the occasional soaring of his verse to the gates of heaven has not a little helped to the present religious revival. Three publications concern him. One, of little worth, reproduces his own prose concerning France. The second is made up from documents (very human) gathered by his publisher, Léon Vanier—"Verlaine intime," by Ch. Donop. The third, aiming at more completeness—"Paul Verlaine, sa vie, son œuvre"—is by the veteran journalist and *littérateur* Edmond Lepelletier.

In the controversies which here and now stir men's souls, we have the final volume of that valiant fighter, Brunetière—"Discours de combat." Pastor Wagner applies his non-combatant methods of the Simple Life once more in *causeries* "Pour les petits et les grands." Jules Bois, who began years ago by scrutinizing the "little religions" of Paris and then went further to a large volume on Satanism, after rounding his experimental studies in India, gives a fairly disillusioned book on "Le Miracle moderne."

In politics, which are more pressing because more violently active than religion, there is a handbook of the leading party—"Le Socialisme à l'œuvre," by the able Georges Renard and others. It sets out to describe what has been done and what can be done, first to solve the economic problem by the association of persons and the socialization of things; second, the political problem, universal suffrage, the Referendum and Initiative, Internationalism and

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the fiscal question; and third, the intellectual and moral problems, the organization of the family and education. C. Poinsot gives the romance and poetry of "Littérature sociale," particularly from Victor Hugo, Émile Zola, Paul Bourget, Clemenceau, and the brother novelists who sign J. H. Rosny. Gustave Téry, who was a university member until amputated for advanced opinions, talks back incisively at Socialism in a little book about "Jean Jaurès."

The *Figaro's* "petite chronique des lettres" reappears in book form in "Le Mouvement littéraire en 1906," by Ph.-Emmanuel Glaser, with a preface by Jules Claretie. Émile Faguet publishes a fourth series of his periodical judgments under the title of "Propos littéraires."

Among the very costly art-books one deserves notice for its technical possibilities, "Les Salons d'architecture," published by Charles Schmid and made up of 250 reproductions from the two Salons of the present year. S. D.

Correspondence.

VERROCCHIO AND EARLY LEONARDO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If I return to Mr. William Rankin's interesting letter on the early work of Leonardo, in the *Nation* for May 16, it is less because his views happen to be largely mine as well, than because I fear that only a handful of your readers know how prolonged and intimate has been his study of Leonardo. No one on our side of the water speaks with greater authority on such a matter. Instead of laboring small points of difference, between him and one who has learned much from him, it seems better worth while to point out that the supposition that Leonardo did considerable painting on such Verrocchian canvases as the Baptism of the Accademia and the Annunciation* of the Uffizi, corresponds closely to the historic probabilities of the case. It is about the opinion that a trained historian would arrive at, after weighing the chronological evidence and studying the Verrocchian group of pictures discursively, without Morellian or other prepossessions.

It may be asked why, in the absence of sufficient graphic evidence, no one has taken this cautious attitude towards so delicate a problem. The answer is obvious, because Verrocchio happened to be the master of Leonardo, and all critics have unconsciously been moved by the natural desire to reconstruct a Verrocchio worthy of that high responsibility. Dr. Bode's wholesale attribution of nearly all the works of the school to its head undoubtedly represents the desire to show that Verrocchio at least painted much. Mr. Berenson's and Miss Cruttwell's more cautious delimitation of his *œuvre* by quality, seems again to bespeak a desire to prove him a genius of the exquisite and experimental sort, a proper prototype for his greater pupil.

It seems to me that the time has come, since the defective material does not lend itself to the established procedures of connoisseurship, to approach the matter from the simple point of view of historic probability, considering Verrocchio painter merely on the basis of the general evidence, and eliminating all pictures that have been attributed to him on purely stylistic grounds. Thus considered, the unchallenged evidence for Verrocchio painter boils down to a single picture, the Baptism of the Accademia—an unfinished and undated panel concerning which we have Vasari's disquieting report that a portion of the work is Leonardo's. Clearly, we must build cautiously on so shaky a foundation.

Fortunately, the dates of Verrocchio's activity and Vasari's account of his beginnings, together with the dates of his chief pupils, do combine to give us certain probabilities. Verrocchio was born in 1435, and worked as a silversmith before he became the head of an *atelier* of sculpture and painting. As late as 1477 we find him working as Pollaiuolo's subordinate on the silver dossal of the Florence cathedral. We may fairly assume, then, that his beginnings as the head of his own studio of the major arts were late. In all probability, he would hardly have taken the forward step until his thirtieth year, or thereabouts, say somewhere near 1470. What Vasari tells us about Verrocchio's commissions, and the absence of early scupture, would make even a later date credible enough.†

Now Leonardo was born in 1452, and while we do not know the date of his apprenticeship, the custom of the time does not permit us to put it far from his sixteenth year. Let us say, then, somewhat before 1470. He was then, as we know from other sources, one of Verrocchio's earliest pupils in painting. And this is suggested as well by his constant influence upon the unoriginal Lorenzo di Credi, by seven years his junior. We know from Vasari, too, that Leonardo assisted his master as well in sculpture as in painting. Luckily we have that precious landscape drawing in the Uffizi, dated 1478, to tell us the kind of proficiency Leonardo had gained in his early prentice days. Mr. Rankin has properly emphasized its significant likeness to the background of the Baptism. It is even more important to realize its magnificent quality. It transcends anything we can imagine of Verrocchio's at such a date. In fact nobody but the young Leonardo, at that time, if indeed for nearly twenty years following, could have approached it. In other words, at twenty-one Leonardo had nothing to learn from anybody about landscape, being a full generation ahead of his time. But it may be urged he had had the benefit of four or five years of Verrocchio's teaching, of which this masterly sketch is the fruits.

This argument may best be met by reviewing the landscapes produced by others of the school presumably under Verrocchio's guidance; and here no one can deny that, eliminating Leonardo and the contentious pictures that suggest him, nothing in the treatment of landscape by Verrocchio's pupils would lead us to believe that he was either a master or an innovator in this field. Study the landscapes of Botticini in his Verrocchian phase, take the backgrounds of such typical school pieces as those of Berlin and London, follow the landscapes of Lorenzo di Credi, or better yet, learn at San Domenico, Fiesole, how completely he attenuates, in copying, the noble background of the Baptism—and no impartial observer, I am confident, will feel that these pupils imply a master profoundly versed in the landscape art. On the other hand, whenever, as in the Baptism and Annunciation, one does find a Verrocchian painting with a fine landscape, Leonardo is the name that instinctively flies to the lips, and the probable dates never forbid such an hypothesis. I would willingly urge what seems to me the more positive evidence of a close similarity in workmanship, amounting almost to identity, between Leonardo's Adoration of the Kings and the background of the Baptism, but I despair of making concrete to others what is a profound personal experience.

Let us now weigh also the significant fact that we possess no assured work of Verrocchio antedating Leonardo's entrance to the studio, recalling as well that Leonardo brought to a man who had exchanged goldsmithing for painting the mastery implied in the landscape sketch of 1478. Let us remember that Vasari, whose æsthetic estimates in matters Florentine are seldom faulty, describes Verrocchio as laborious rather than spontaneous, retaining to the end in both sculpture and painting something "hard and dryish" (*la maniera alquanto dura e crudetta*), put beside this Verrocchio's thrifty habit of employing student labor to the full, as shown in the famous case of the Virgin in the Duomo, Pistoia (see Maud Cruttwell's interesting account), and we have a concentration of historic probabilities all pointing to Leon-

*The difficulty of reconciling the archaic Annunciation of the Uffizi with the far freer and more advanced reduction in the Louvre seems to me to be exaggerated by Mr. Rankin and all the critics. In the first place, the attribution of that little masterpiece to Leonardo is an assumption, if a convincing one, and its ascription to his early period is equally an assumption, if a wholly plausible one. These points are raised not because I doubt either hypothesis, but because it is well to note how little we are really justified in regarding the technic of the Louvre Annunciation as the touchstone for Leonardo's early work. For this it simply will not serve. It is quite as difficult to reconcile its manner with that of the Madonna of the Rocks or of the early drawings as it is with that of the Uffizi Annunciation. But must the reconciliation be effected? One is permitted to believe that the smaller panel, though early, may follow the larger one by several years. An even better view is simply that the small scale and importance of a predella gave Leonardo an opportunity to adventure boldly, to take technical liberties that would not have been tolerated in a painting of larger scale. We must beware of supposing that the technic of an eagerly inventive genius follows unbroken lines of progress. One must expect to find all sorts of throwbacks and anticipations. It is the contrary presumption that has brought the transcendental chronologizing of the old masters, especially as practised by the German and Germanizing school, perilously near to organized pedantry. A little observation of modern artists would humanize the severity of such a theory. Am I wrong in suggesting that in his water colors Winslow Homer has anticipated by full twenty years what the art criticism of the future will solemnly call his "latest manner"?

As for the Uffizi Annunciation I feel a far greater *finesse* in the painting of the Angel than in that of the Virgin and the architectural forms. The difference is largely effaced in the photographs, but is patent, to me at least, in the picture. The Virgin is more heavy-handed both in conception and execution. I cannot believe that Leonardo could have so perfunctorily tinted another's cartoon, and since the style is not that of any of the numerous school pieces nor yet below their general level, we are perhaps justified in divining Verrocchio himself in this figure. With Mr. Rankin I entertain a strong hope, if not quite a conviction, that the Angel is by Leonardo. That Verrocchio at any time was capable of the exquisite delicacy of touch in the tree profiles and the landscape seems simply incredible to me. These qualities surpass the capacity of any one in the *milieu*, saving only Leonardo.

†It should be remarked that Vasari in the life of Lorenzo di Credi speaks as if Verrochio's preoccupation with painting were recent when Lorenzo entered the studio. Lorenzo had been first trained as a goldsmith, and one may assume that he came to Verrocchio somewhere near his sixteenth year, say, 1475. This agrees with Vasari's statement that Lorenzo began by imitating Leonardo, and in a way confirms the date, 1470, roughly suggested above for the opening of Verrocchio's *bottega* of painting.

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ardo as the creator of the most gracious products of the *atelier*. That he should not so have been employed would be a fact so strange as to require special explanation.

I believe we may go further and say that there is practically no evidence that Verrocchio was an accomplished painter. The nearer we approach him through his school, excepting Leonardo, the nearer we come to something essentially mediocre, as Vasari truly put it, "somewhat hard and dryish." On purely historical grounds we are fully justified in presuming that Verrocchio was rather an *entrepreneur* of painting than a painter in his own right. His complexion in the rare capacity of painter, one may grasp in the gaunt and impressive figures of the Baptism. Nothing else of the many pictures that derive from him seems so autographic. The spectacle of one who painted little, and none too well, being a great head of a school (which has bothered all the critics of the subject), should really trouble no one. Besides the classic instance of Squarcione, one might cite, were it not ungracious, many painters of to-day, who have made their successes as teachers, yet are not likely to be remembered for their own canvases. As for Verrocchio, his repute as an experimenter and his early adaptation of the oil technic are sufficient to account for his vogue as a master.

If I were not unwilling to ride the free horse of historic probability too hard, I would hint that Verrocchio probably learned far more from Leonardo than he ever taught. Such a theory tallies with the flexible and eclectic nature of the artist described by Vasari and glimpsed through the sculptures. We have already noted that nothing of any consequence in Verrocchio's *œuvre* can be set before the artistic maturity of his greatest pupil. It is a short step from that observation to supposing that the mysterious and pervasive influence which we term the Verrocchiesque is in reality chiefly the influence of the youthful Leonardo, skilfully exploited by his master, and that Verrocchio himself was the single artist of sufficiently receptive capacity to profit by the example daily under his eye. In this connection it is instructive to recall how little Lorenzo di Credi, a stolid talent if there ever was one, failed to grasp the spirit of the Leonardesque while conscientiously aping all Leonardo's tricks of draughtsmanship. I have hinted that it might be a permissible inference to see in such sculptures as the David, the Marble Lady of the Bargello, and the Christ and Thomas of Or San Michele a projection of Leonardo across the temperament of his gifted master. I would say rather that so hazardous a supposition seems to me to have more in its favor than the assumption that such a wraith as Verrocchio is in painting created those lovely and wholly masterful landscapes of the Annunciation and Baptism.

In any case I would plead for a return from the confessedly inadequate pictorial evidence to some such reappraisal of the matter by historical standards as has here been most tentatively essayed.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

Florence, June 18.

COLLEGE AUTHORITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter of Mr. Super in your issue for June 13, and your editorial note in the same number, on "academic freedom," have brought to my mind the fact that there has not been generally published—so far as I am aware—any adequate account of the form of government adopted for this university some three years ago, soon after the administration passed into the hands of our first *de facto* board of trustees.

The new system of organization is marked by what might be analyzed as four distinguishing elements: the election of a committee by the faculty, designed to act as a check upon the powers of the president; the assigning to other elected committees of some of the most important details of academic administration; the real authority of the faculty, coupled with freedom of debate, in the development of the educational policy of the university; and the remarkably large freedom and power of the department faculties and the individual members thereof.

The first of these points is probably most characteristic and interesting. An advisory board, consisting of nine members of the faculty of the rank of full professor, and representing the various departments arranged in groups based on relationship of subjects, is elected by the entire voting membership of the faculty. (This voting membership includes professors, associate professors, and assistant professors who have been members of the instructing body for three years.) The essential duties of this board are best stated in the words of the articles of organization:

> The advisory board shall advise the president concerning any matters which he may choose to refer to it. All executive acts of general importance, such as recommendations for appointments, promotions, and dismissals, and for the abolition of departments and chairs, shall be submitted to the advisory board for approval before they shall become operative, or before they may be submitted to the trustees for their action. . . . In all cases, in presenting such matters to the board of trustees, the president shall state whether or not they have the approval of the advisory board.

By these provisions, while the final authority of the corporation of the university is unimpaired, it is impossible that it should take action on any important matter—including the appointment or dismissal of the humblest officer of instruction—without having laid before it the advice of this representative committee of the faculty.

The second and third points may be considered together, and very briefly. Committees which distinctly represent the administrative duties of the president—such as those on athletics, discipline, and scholarship—are still appointed by him; but those having to do with educational policy—conditions of registration or graduation, conduct of examinations, the administration of the library, and the like—are appointed by the Executive Committee, which in turn is elected by all the voting members of the faculty. Such committees report their recommendations to the faculty itself, and these recommendations, when debated and adopted, unless they relate to matters fundamentally concerning the organization of the university, do not require the approval of president or trustees.

The fourth point, the independence of the several department faculties and their members, is—from the standpoint of the individual instructor, at least—of no less importance. All instructors in the department are entitled to take part in the deliberations of its faculty, although only the voting members of the faculty at large vote on formal matters here. The chairman of the department is appointed by the president of the university, but his only important function—apart from the cooperation of his colleagues—is the making of recommendations for appointments and promotions. On all matters of department administration, such as the giving of courses, the expending of library funds, and the recommendation of candidates for all degrees, the department acts as a body, and its action is ordinarily final. It need hardly be said that this freedom to make one's self heard, no matter how humble one's academic rank or how hopeless the minority in which one finds one's self, is a privilege which to instructors in many universities would seem as sweet as it would be strange.

When all this is said, it may be asked: How does the system work? Democratic organization is one thing on paper, perhaps quite another in reality. To this query it is still too early to make any final reply. Three years is a short time in the life of a university. But in general it may certainly be said that the president, the faculty as a body, the various committees, and many of the departments, have taken the new form of organization very seriously, and have given every evidence of sincerity in their desire to work along its lines. The president has referred to the Advisory Board not only those matters which the articles of organization required him so to refer, but almost numberless matters on which he might have taken action unadvised; and if in any matter he has made a recommendation to the trustees after the Advisory Board has declined to approve it, such an instance has not transpired. The Advisory Board itself has perhaps been more conservative than was to be expected, and its first report to the faculty consisted almost wholly of the enumeration of sundry new departures which had been proposed to it by either the president or others, and which with almost unvaried regularity it had declined to prefer to the *status quo*. This circumstance has led some to think that such a body will remain a mere form, through which the older professors—heads of departments in particular—may from time to time express their content with things as they are. But this is hardly a just inference. The Board was elected by the faculty as a whole; it enjoys no permanent tenure of office; if the faculty does not secure more radical representatives, it is simply because it is not a radical body. Perhaps, since the powers given to this new body were somewhat revolutionary in character, from the standpoint of American college traditions, it is a matter for congratulation that they showed themselves on the whole less concerned to destroy than to fulfil. The faculty as a whole has indulged in free and widely varied debate, and has set its committees to re-examining almost every part of the educational policy of the university; and if these committees have usually failed to recommend very startling changes, this again means simply that the younger and more progres-

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sive party is still in the minority, and must wait its time—either to accomplish its wishes or to become conservative in its turn. Having used the word "party," I must hasten to add that, properly speaking, no such thing has existed, and that the various deliberations and elections imposed upon men who had formerly been used, in large measure, to silent acquiescence, have produced no cliques, no rancorous contests, nor other than good-natured debate.

RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN.

Stanford University, Cal., June 22.

NOISE IN MUSEUMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your excellent editorial on the subject of the new Boston Art Museum, you failed to mention one very important feature of an ideal museum of art—a noiseless floor. In the average museum, all one's pleasure in a peaceful landscape or poetic group is battered to nothing by the massive footfalls of some strolling person in thick-soled boots. I seldom leave an art gallery without a maddening impression of vast, flat-bottomed, wooden-soled feet "planking" after me wherever I go. At our much-esteemed Metropolitan the custodians (or whatever one calls them) are distinguished by boots of extra resonance. One would think that the authorities might at least rubber-sole them. B.

New York, June 26.

Notes.

Routledge has in hand a new dictionary of Dickens of a very elaborate sort, compiled by A. J. Philip.

Prof. Gregory Smith is writing the life of Ben Jonson for the English Men of Letters Series—a notable lacuna which promises now to be well filled.

Henry Frowde is publishing a Sonnet-Sequence, by Theodore Watts-Dunton, on the unveiling of the Rhodes Memorial at Oxford, June 12.

The Revell Company will publish at an early date "The Parables of the Kingdom," by Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, and "The Courage of the Coward," by Dr. Charles F. Aked.

Two miniature volumes come to us from E. P. Dutton & Co. One is "A Dictionary of the Bible," by Albert M. Hyamson, very useful in this vest-pocket size for travelling clergymen; the other, "My Jest Book," with a good selection of anecdotes and witticisms selected by Mark Lemon.

E. P. Dutton & Co. issue the following volumes in their New Universal Library: Hazlitt's "Liber Amoris"; Ruskin's "Harbors of England" and "Poems," and "Lucretius on the Nature of Things," translated by H. A. J. Munro. To the London Library they add a translation of "Beowulf," by Wentworth Huyshe; and to the library of Wayfaring Books "The Pocket Plato," edited from Jowett's translation by S. C. Woodhouse, and "The Voice of the Sea," edited by Ingram Swale.

Henry Holt & Co. have the following titles on their first autumn announcement: "The Helpmate," by May Sinclair; "A Turnpike Lady," by Sarah N. Cleghorn; "The Flight to Eden," by Harrison Rhodes, "The Luck of the Dudley Grahams," by Alice Calhoun; "The Youngsters of Centerville," by Etta Anthony Baker; "The Treasure of the Canyon," by J. B. Ames; "Harps Hung Up in Babylon," poems by Arthur Colton; "A Hundred Great Poems," compiled by R. J. Cross; "The Greater English Poets of the Nineteenth Century," by W. M. Payne; "Leading American Soldiers," by R. M. Johnston; "Biographical Sketches of Graduates of Yale College," vol. iv., by F. B. Dexter; "American Trees," by Nathaniel Lord Britton; "Darwinism To-day," by Vernon L. Kellogg; "Wage-Earners' Budgets," by Mrs. Louise R. More; "Historical Atlas," by Earle W. Dow, and a 1908 edition of Lester & Knowles' "Cheerful Year-Book."

Laurens publishes three new monographs in Les Grands Artistes: "Paul Potter," by Émile Michel; "Prud'hon," by Étienne Bricon, and "Daumier," by Henry Marcel.

We are to have next year three official biographies of English cardinals. Wilfrid Ward has about finished for Longmans the life of Newman on which he has been engaged for some time. Then, as an antidote to Purcell's indiscreet book on Manning, there is to be a life by Father W. H. Kent; and, thirdly, G. Sneed Cox, the editor of the *Tablet*, is preparing a volume, or volumes, on Vaughan.

Not less than thirteen of the twenty-five volumes that will compose Oscar Levertin's "Samlade Skrifter" will contain material that has not yet been published in book form. Much of this will be entirely new, from manuscripts which were found at his death, but the bulk of it has already been printed in one form or another, mostly in magazines and newspapers, especially in *Svenska Dagbladet*, of which he was literary editor at the time of his death. The parts that so far have been published comprise the first volume, with his early "Legender och Visor" and "Nya Dikter," and the beginning of the ninth "Svenska Gestalter," in which he stands at his highest as interpreter of literature and life. Volumes 10 and 11 will follow next, with hitherto unpublished "Essays."

Edward H. R. Tatham, in a letter to the *Athenæum*, gives three Latin poems by W. S. Landor taken from unpublished letters to Walter Birch. One of these is in a letter dated Pisa, November 27, 1818, and is inspired by the absence of liberty in Italy:

Juravit æquos facere cunctos Gallia
Et fecit—æquos namque non possunt opes
Virtus, honores, reddere; aut ipsa Æquitas
Reddit, tenetve lubrico parum statu
Seu purpuratos sive nudos Servitus.
Gaudete Galli! at Itali multo magis
Gaudete! quippe semper hæc vobis fuit.
En auctiora cuique patrimonia!

Another is an epitaph on C. J. Fox, occurring in a letter dated Pisa, January 30, 1820:

Torrens eloquii, inque præpotentes
Iracundus et acer, et feroci
Vultu vinculaque et crucem minatus;
Placandus tamen, ac velut catellus
Qui morsu digitum petit protervo
Tum lambit decies—tuis amicis
Tanto carior in dies et horas
Quanto decipères magis magisque—
O Foxi lepide, O miselle Foxi,
Ut totus (me ita dî juvent) periisti,
Qui nec fallere nec potes jocari!
Quâ nemo cubitum quatit quiescis—
Væ jacta alea! væ silens fritillus!

Correspondents from Rome outline the contents of the promised new Syllabus, which in church circles is declared to be an important document attacking modern errors in Biblical research in theology and philosophy. The *Figaro* reports that the preparation of this document was inspired by Pius X., but that it is chiefly the work of the office in the Vatican. The authors whose views are attacked are said to be chiefly English, French, and Americans.

The total enrolment in the universities of Austro-Hungary, according to latest reports, is 24,578. Naturally, Vienna leads with a student body numbering 8,505, namely, 222 in the theological department, 3,523 in the law, 1,725 in the medical, and 3,025 in the philosophical. Proportionally, Vienna occupies a more prominent position among the universities of the empire than Berlin does in Germany, but not as great as Paris does in France. Of the other Austrian universities, Graz reported 2,030 students, Innsbruck 1,092, and the German University in Prague 1,610.

In the Beilage of the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, Heft 22, are published the details of the Chinese Imperial decree, dated April 11, establishing schools for the education of girls throughout the empire, which, as this journal remarks, puts the finishing touch to the school reform scheme recently begun by the Government. Normal colleges or schools are to be established in all of the provincial capital cities, and later on in other centres of population, while primary schools for girls are to be opened wherever possible. All these are to be Government schools; but the establishment of private institutions is not to be discouraged—these, however, to be under Government supervision. Instructors may be natives of China or foreigners. Evidently, the whole scheme has been modelled after that introduced in Japan, and rules have already been promulgated forbidding the wearing of expensive silks or ornaments by the pupils, and also the use of costly perfumes, and the like. The regulation demands that the "cruel and harmful" custom of preventing the natural growth of the feet be stopped; gymnasiums and playgrounds for physical exercises in connection with these girls' schools are to be established. In the same decree the Government announces that fifteen Chinese cadets are to be educated at the expense of the state for five years in the schools of France.

Special attention is given in the current *Public Libraries* to the question of the open or closed shelf in colleges. Two papers, one by H. R. Mead of the University of California, and one by W. I. Fletcher of Amherst College, are devoted entirely to it, while others touch on it incidentally. Mr. Mead, who speaks from experience in two large universities, one maintaining the open system and the other having the main stacks closed, says there is not only less loss of books, but also a better and more satisfactory service of students and faculty where the stacks are closed. The majority of readers are confused when in direct contact with a large collection of books, this being particularly so in the case of a university library which aims to contain all, rather than a selection, of books on a

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particular subject. No statistics, he says, can show the extent of the inconvenience caused by careless or deliberate misplacements. It is true, he admits, that for many people, there is a profit and satisfaction in the examination of the books on the shelves, but this can be supplied in two ways: (1) By means of the open reading and reference room, which should contain besides reference books proper, the best books on the various branches of knowledge; (2) by admitting to the stacks for a limited period the special student who has shown himself capable of using to advantage this privilege. On the other hand, Mr. Fletcher holds that the open-shelf system, as maintained at Amherst for several years, has amply justified itself in results, and that both faculty and students would object strenuously to any radical change. His support of the open stack, however, is hardly so decided or enthusiastic as would have been the case a few years ago. He says:

> We are certainly suffering increasingly year by year in loss of books and in displacements of volumes on the shelves. I note an effect of free access which may come under the saying, "Familiarity breeds contempt." Not only do the individual students exhibit the carelessness of one who has come in two or three years of frequenting the library to treat it much as he would his own study, but the influence becomes traditional, and the whole student body seems to be increasingly devoid of the respect akin to awe with which we in our younger days entered a library by the gracious permission of those in charge.

Dr. Canfield of Columbia University contributes to the discussion the somewhat radical opinion—which he says he has held for many years—that "a collection of 8,000 volumes or thereabouts, carefully selected and kept fresh and up to date, constitute an entirely sufficient library for the undergraduates of any college."

When a Frenchman travels in foreign parts, his journey begins the moment the threshold is crossed. Thus René Fage in his "Vers les steppes et les oasis, Algérie-Tunisie" (Paris: Hachette) gives us three chapters before he sets foot in Algiers. But the reader gains by it: the sketch of Marseilles, slight though it be, brings out its subject. And so of the whole work. M. Fage himself would not deny its slightness, but it is the slightness of the artist who brings out the essentials, and leaves to the imagination the task of filling in the detail. Various cities were visited by M. Fage; these and the intervening journeys are described with a bold and sure touch. If a few discomforts and inconveniences can be endured, here is a fresh field for our tourists, jaded by the beaten tracks of Europe. Jules Claretie of the Academy has written a sympathetic preface to this delightful little book.

John W. Taylor, in the "The Coming of the Saints" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), has collected a mass of legendary matter relating to the introduction of Christianity into Provence and England. The greater part of his book deals with the traditions of the three Maries (and their companions), St. Trophimus, and St. Joseph of Arimathea. An outline is given of Rabanus Maurus's "Life of St. Mary Magdalene," who is identified by Rabanus with Mary, the sister of Lazarus, and with "the woman that was a sinner"; the relation of St. Joseph to Glastonbury is treated at length. Here and there historical and quasi-historical matter is mingled with the narration of the legends, particularly in the account of St. Joseph, who, our author thinks, may well have followed the route of the tin-traders to Cornwall. With a serious simplicity and enthusiasm that almost disarm criticism Mr. Taylor recognizes a considerable historical value in this late legendary material. He mentions with approval the opinion of Dr. Pryce (1790), who thought that Cornish and Breton were Semitic dialects; he regards it as probable that Jewish, or "Sarasin," tin-workers of 400 B. C. and downwards left their impress on the race. If these old workers were Jews, it was natural that they should be known to the traders, and from the latter Joseph might have heard of the Jewish colony, might have come to Cornwall to preach to his fellow-countrymen, and so might have stayed and founded Glastonbury. In the same spirit Mr. Taylor deals with the traditions relating to Trophimus and the Maries. If, instead of constructing imaginary histories, he had endeavored to account for the rise of these legends, he might have added a chapter to the history of the early English church; as it is, his volume is a collection of fanciful stories, and nothing more.

For "Scenes and Shrines in Tuscany," by Dorothy Nevile Lees (E. P. Dutton & Co.), we have nothing but praise. Miss Lees half apologizes in the Prelude for adding another to the long list of books that have been written about Florence. Her excuse is love for the glorious city and for Italy, and her reviewer can add that this love is supplemented by an excellent literary gift. Miss Lees lived in the city itself and on a villa near by, enjoying the somewhat rare privilege of being domiciled with an Italian family of the upper class. To this family belongs her little six-year-old friend, Mafalda, who, with her big sister, Francesca, and the contadini on the villa estate, form a group as interesting as if they were characters in a story. There is also described a charming *villeggiatura* near Monte Amiata, which gives occasion for the recital of the adventures of David Lazzaretti, the excommunicated and outlawed revivalist. Episodes in the daily life of the people, like the Harvest, the Vintage, and All Souls' Day in Florence, are described with knowledge and insight. We advise even those to whom a sojourn in Tuscany is a future experience to read this book, together with Mr. Carmichael's "In Tuscany," not only for the interest and information, but also for the lesson that to know this or any other part of Italy, they must learn something of the language, and go among the people in small town and country. Errors are few and unimportant. On page 35, for "Buffalmarchi" read Buffalmacchi. "Villari" on pp. 35 and 140 is a mistake for Villani. The work of the Della Robbia ought not to be called "pottery" (p. 204).

To those unlucky beings whose physical condition drives them from home we may recommend a little book by George B. Price on "Gaining Health in the West" (B. W. Huebsch). There is a comparison of the climates of Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona, as these are suited to the out-of-doors life of the invalid, and chapters are added on such vital questions as "Getting Employment," "How to Avoid Loneliness," etc.

The International Handbooks to the New Testament, a series projected by the late Orello Cone, who himself wrote the volume on Hebrews, Colossians, and Ephesians, is brought to a close in a fourth volume by Prof. Henry Prentiss Forbes, of the Canton Theological School, on "The Johannine Literature and the Acts of the Apostles" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). An effort has been made in these Handbooks to answer the questions concerning doctrine and belief which arise in the mind of the general reader of the New Testament, rather than to discuss questions of grammar and philology, and to a degree unusual in works of the class the topics handled are those on which one turns to a commentary for light. Explanations are concise and clear, unimportant matter has been neglected, and economy of space has been studied. The point of view of Professor Forbes is that of advanced criticism, according to which the Johannine authorship of the Fourth Gospel is "improbable in the extreme," and the Acts is composed of sources of varying authority. The reader is furnished in brief compass with a sane and independent judgment on the facts brought to light by the most thorough historical criticism. The commentary on the Revelation in this volume is especially satisfactory.

In Edward F. Bigelow's "The Spirit of Nature Study" (Barnes) the ear-marks of the pedagogue are rather too prominent for the most enjoyable reading. The essential vitality of "nature study" is demonstrated by nothing more convincing than its ability to outlive the innumerable methods which its professed votaries are ever trying to force upon it. The royal road by which the child may approach the secrets of nature, according to Mr. Bigelow, is to select some natural object absolutely without let or hindrance from his elders, and give his attention to that. He can hardly imagine a greater crime than that of the mother who ordered the coachman to kill a large king-snake which a little boy in his class had brought home as an object of study under these instructions. What are a mother's nerves, to be set over against a boy's "development"? Of course, it is ruinous to make a regular habit of checking a child's spontaneous enthusiasms, but the possible pathways to his interest are not so limited that the feelings of others must be wholly disregarded rather than that any single one of these pathways be closed. For either teacher or pupil a good book on some phase of nature itself is likely to be of more profit than a whole library of theories or homilies on "nature study."

Mrs. Elizabeth Cabot Cary Agassiz died in Arlington Heights, Mass., last Thursday afternoon, at the age of eighty-five. Mrs. Agassiz, whose home was in Cambridge, while visiting a niece in Arlington suffered a paralytic shock on Monday, from which she did not recover consciousness. She was a daughter of Thomas Greaves Cary. In 1850 she was married to Dr. Louis Agassiz, the world-famous zoologist, whose first wife, the talented Cecile Braun, had died in Neuchatel not long after Agassiz's coming to America in 1846. Mrs. Agassiz was associated intimately in

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many phases of her husband's work. She accompanied him to Brazil in 1865-66, and in 1871-72 went with him on the Hassler expedition. She also assisted him in his literary work, and was herself the author of a life of Louis Agassiz, and of a volume entitled "Seaside Studies in Natural History," in which she collaborated with her stepson, Alexander Agassiz of Harvard, one of the first authorities on marine life. Mrs. Agassiz was active in the development of Radcliffe College. She gave generously to the institution from her own wealth, and promoted its interests in every way. At the age of seventy-two, she accepted the presidency of the college, which she held for eight years, resigning in 1902. She was succeeded by Le Barron Russell Briggs, dean of Harvard College. Agassiz Hall, the centre of the social life of Radcliffe, was built and presented to the college in honor of its benefactress. Mrs. Agassiz of late years made her home with Prof. Alexander Agassiz.

RECENT POPULAR BOOKS ABOUT INDIA.

It is not often that the casual visitor to the East reproduces his impressions so vividly as Sidney Low has succeeded in doing in "A Vision of India" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). As special correspondent of the London *Standard*, Mr. Low had, to be sure, the exceptional advantage of "doing the country" in the train of Royal Highnesses, whose progress through the Empire of India he accompanied in 1905-6. But the author had another advantage, not due to Imperial favor, that of possessing the wit to deviate frequently from the route of royalty, and thus to discover for himself what is not given to all, least of all to royal eyes, to see. Books of the same intent are common enough, but Mr. Low seems to have got nearer to the under truth of things than most of his predecessors, as witness the almost photographic accuracy of the chapter on the Anglicised Maharajah. Our only quarrel is with the title Mr. Low has chosen, for there is more careful study than "vision" in his book; but it is the better for that, and those not already satiated with "impressions of India" may find profit as well as pleasure in following this pilgrim's private progress. Perhaps more profit than pleasure, for what joy is it to know that "Pariahs and Christians" are put under one head in the army list, or that converts to Christianity from any caste, save that of outcasts, are so few as to be a negligible quantity? Possibly the British (in Mr. Low's vocabulary the English) scientist will rejoice to learn that the great work of harnessing the Cauvery Falls with electricity for the gold mines has been entrusted to a Yankee company, but to the Yankee it would seem that this financial plum growing on the tree of science should have been plucked by other hands. From a native point of view, it will also be a modified pleasure to learn that owing to their "greater grit, energy, and endurance" the Mohammedans are better than the Hindus in factory work, in which caste-restrictions, too, hamper the latter. But to Hindu and Mohammedan alike it will be a pleasure to hear that they both are so docile to the foreign yoke that in the civil service four members of the ruling race suffice to control every million of its degraded subjects.

Of a different sort, among recently published works on India, is the second, revised, edition of Sir Courtenay Ilbert's digest of laws relating to that country ("The Government of India," Clarendon Press). After an historical introduction follow a summary of the system of administrative law in India, a digest of Parliamentary enactments relating to the Government, the application of English law to the natives, and a chapter on the legal relation between the British Government and the Government of native States. The chief changes made in this edition, as compared with that of 1898, are due to modifications of the Orders in Council relative to the jurisdiction exercised by the Governor-General in council in the native States. In the first chapter, containing the historical introduction, the author draws an instructive parallel between the charter of the East India Company, of 1600, and that of the Massachusetts Company, granted in 1628. The proper distinction, not always observed, between India and British India has been carefully formulated by the author, and should be noted even by general writers on India. "British India" is all Territories, and places within British dominion which, for the time being, are governed through the Governor-General or officer subordinate to him. On the other hand, "India," as legally defined, means British India, together with any Territories of any native prince or chief under the suzerainty of the British Government exercised through the Governor-General of India or officer subordinate to him. British India thus includes Aden, which is not in India (in the geographical sense) at all, while French and Portugese territory actually within India is not included in "India." Despite careful definitions, there are, however, parts of India which can be comprehended neither under "British India" nor under "India." Such are Kathiawar, Cooch Behar, and some districts of Orissa. But the reader must consult Sir Courtenay Ilbert's book to learn the status (not briefly to be explained) of these anomalous territories. Significant, by the way, is the substitution of the word suzerainty for the older "alliance" in the definition above. Finally, it may be remarked that, though the territories of native States are not part of the British dominions, yet "for international purposes, their subjects are in the same position as British subjects."

If not about India, the latest book from the active hand of Col. Sir Thomas H. Holdich, "Tibet the Mysterious" (F. A. Stokes Co.), at least touches upon and in part may be said to embrace India; for as in his other books on the borderland already reviewed in these columns the interest of the author is primarily with India itself. Moreover, Sir Thomas, at the very end of the present volume, rather naïvely shows that the true British spirit regards the Northland as merely waiting to become part of the British domain, and that the land of the Abors is only a stepping-stone to the further north, where rich mines of gold are to be found, as rich as any in the world, and only waiting for England—or shall it be the Great Bear?—to come and work them in scientific fashion. Sir Thomas is only accidentally humorous, yet there is considerable amusement to be had from his pages. But apart from this there is a great fund of information in his book. It seems to be a résumé of all that has lately been written in regard to Tibet and as such is not without value, though we are not quite used to regard the author as a mere compiler. Perhaps we do him a wrong, yet there is nothing to indicate that Sir Thomas is describing what he has himself seen and experienced. But it is no ordinary compiler who has made so rich a collection as this, and the book is crammed with history, anecdote, description, and opinions which altogether make it one of the most readable books on the land of Lamas. None can fail to be interested in the fate of the socialistic schemes of that old monarch who reigned in Tibet in the eighth century, Kir Song de Tsan. After enacting that all men should be equal and that the rich should share their wealth with the poor—not once but thrice he carried this out—it was found that "by the natural force of personal idiosyncrasy" the people returned to their former condition of inequality and the unhappy King had to renounce forever the dream of social unprogressiveness on which his heart had been set. Curious too is the account of the Binbo religion as contrasted with Lhasa Lamaism, though a fuller description may be found in the pages of our American Rockhill. Those who think Chinese soldiers are to be despised should read the story of the conquest of Tibet by 70,000 Chinese, a feat "little short of miraculous." Col. Holdich repeats the old Greek story of gold-digging ants, apparently not knowing that the Greeks merely took the tale as it was given to them by the Hindus. Comparative religion is here enriched with a striking example of the scapegoat-idea (the author seems to think that this phase of religion is to be found elsewhere only among the Jews), and those conversant with the history of northern exploration will be interested to learn the identity of the mysterious K.P., who figures so largely in the records of surveys. The book is marred by repetitions, and in a second edition the author should avoid as poison the iteration, if not the subjects, of tea, dogs, and ants.

From its title one would not guess that the latest volume of the Annales du Musée Guimet, Prof. Paul Oltramare's "La théosophie brahmanique" (Paris, Ernest Leroux), belonged in the category of popular books on India; but it is the *tomè premier* of a work bearing the longer title "L'histoire des idées théosophiques dans l'Inde," and the author's purpose is to give a review of the whole history of theosophy in India, not for the Sanskrit scholar, but for the general student of philosophy. Professor Oltramare is already favorably known as an interpreter of Brahmanic thought, and this work, on lines somewhat similar to those of Deussen's more ambitious history of philosphy, will doubtless find many appreciative readers, especially among those not familiar with German. The present instalment begins with an exposition of theosophic thought as expressed in the theory of sacrifice; then, in historical order, it proceeds to the doctrines taught first by the Upanishads and later by the formal schools of philosophy, as far as the latter are represented by the two earlier divisions of Sânkhya and Yoga philosophy.

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The divisions of Yoga, *râja* and *hatha*, are explained in full and a final chapter of this first volume is devoted to general considerations leading to the newer phases of philosophy, when it was no longer reserved to the few (the author does not suggest that it was ever esoteric), but became to a large extent impregnated with novel ideas, and faced new beliefs. The survey thus given, if brief, is clear, and seems well adapted both to its purpose and to the circle to which such a work appeals. According to the plan of the whole the next volume should treat of the Vedânta in its various interpretations.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Trimmed Lamp, and Other Stories of the Four Hundred. By O. Henry. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

It was not very long ago that "O. Henry" appeared upon the horizon of American periodical literature, to be promptly hailed by the somewhat dubious title of "the new American humorist." To be accurate, he is a humorist in spite of his local color and his cheerful spirit, a humorist after Kikling rather than after Mark Twain. More than once in the present volume he pays a tribute, stated or implied, to the author of the "Plain Tales," and though his characteristic mood is more grim, his style has much of Kipling's terseness and saliency. The range of his humorous sympathy is sufficiently broad to include certain members of the Four Hundred in his present studies of the Four Million. But his interests are with the proletariat (if we have such a thing), rather than the elect. Though his protest against the use of "shop-girl" as a generic term is enforced by his own specifications, he seems to find something peculiarly typical of New York life in the formula of ignorance, sophistication, and complacency which all of his "salesladies" have in common. These are qualities as conspicuous as any, in the mass of our four million. What the newsboy is the shop-girl is; and, as like as not, the thriving merchant and the Wall Street broker. Against all this knowingness "O. Henry" is fond of pitting the frank and breezy idealism of the plains, the cowboy, who makes his shop-girl what he thinks her, and puts aside all her little show of smartness with a sweep of his hand. Here also appear policemen, bar-keepers, confidence men, men about town, and city waifs of all descriptions. None of them is patently introduced to point a moral, or even to adorn a tale. "O. Henry" is actually that rare bird, of which we so often hear false reports—a born story-teller.

Susan. By Ernest Oldmeadow. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

Here is a farcical little story based on a case of mistaken identity—mistaken by the actors, that is, never by the reader, whose amusement is to be found, if at all, in disentanglement, not in illusion. The success of the book must hinge upon the partiality of all the world for a lover, for complication and for the incongruous, here shown in the flattered, fluttered reception by a lady's maid of honorable addresses from a lord. Then, since all ends well, as it is bound to do in farce, the reader may fairly own to an effortless if not opulent hour. Perhaps nothing in the whole extravaganza is as extravagant as the serious moment and the serious word. The latter runs thus in the letter which tells the truth: "Yes, Beloved, thy mind is beautiful and wonderful. And yet it has deceived you." The former reveals the lady looking at herself in the glass:

> My eyes shone, my hair fell all about me, almost to my knees. In contrast, my feet were like two lilies, my neck was like a swan's.

The Normandy setting and the visit to the little Normandy churchyard show that the writer has a delicate color-sense and can make really charming vignettes of travel. The difficulty is—or the advantage—that the story as well as the scenery is done in water-color.

Reed Anthony, Cowman: An Autobiography. By Andy Adams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Taking "Reed Anthony" to be Andy Adams himself, we suppose this volume to be simply a further chapter in autobiography. His earlier books about the life of the cowboy and the cattleman have been widely read, not, we suppose, because they are particularly good books, but because they have to do with a picturesque and passing type of American experience. The cowboy and the miner, with the old Southern gentleman, very nearly exhaust our slender romantic treasure, and we naturally make the most of every direct manifestation of them in literature. But Mr. Adams hardly does for the plains what Mr. Bullen and Mr. Conrad have done for the sea. The present reviewer finds his latest book pretty dull; a mass of detail which it is a marvel that any one should have remembered or cared to remember. A great many drives and dickers are described to the last steer and the last dollar for all whom such things may concern. Being Southern-born, the writer has a turn for eloquence as well as for business, and once or twice he gets fairly into the senatorial stride. He looks from a hilltop upon a wide prospect: "It was like a rush of fern-scents, the breath of pine forests, the music of the stars, the first lovelight in a mother's eyes." The pleasant thing about the narrative is its ingenuousness. He has, he remarks, lived in the pit of despair for the want of money, and again, with the use of it, has bent a Legislature to his will and wish. What else, to be sure, is money for? It is a disappointment that there should be so little shooting and gambling, but now and then comes a reassuring anecdote like that in which the cattleman gets even with an enemy who has slandered him.

> I located my traducer in a well-known saloon. I invited him to a seat at a table, determined to bring matters to an issue. He reluctantly complied, when I branded him with every vile epithet that my tongue could command, concluding by arraigning him as a coward. I was hungering for him to show some resistance, expecting to kill him, and when he refused to notice my insults, I called for the barkeeper and asked for two glasses of whiskey and a pair of six-shooters. Not a word passed between us till the bartender brought the drinks and guns on a tray. "Now, take your choice," said I. He replied, "I believe a little whiskey will do me good."

Bud. By Neil Munro. New York: Harper & Bros.

This is one of those old-fashioned tales which serve to pass an hour agreeably without ever raising the slightest question of psychological truth or mastery of craft. A quiet household—two maiden sisters and a bachelor brother—is electrified by the arrival of a child, orphan of a wandering brother married to an American actress. Enter to a small Scotch town "Bud," otherwise Lennox Dyce, a joint product of the vaudeville stage and Chicago! After her advent, if nothing happens precisely as it would in real life, it is equally true that nothing happens as it would in the majority of novels of this calibre. Instead of the aunts being cruel or stupid and trying to suppress this changeling, they treat her with judgment and consideration. Being well to do, they educate her suitably, and put no barrier between her and a successful career. The curtain goes down upon Bud as a ravishing Shakespearean star. Robbed of its context, this sounds a trifle foolish, but clothed with an easy and particularly amiable narrative, the mild picture of the little provincial town is distinctly readable. The author has a taking turn of phrase, as in describing the local drummer "walking on the very backs of his heels," and the Miss Minto who "kept her deaf ear to the sisters and the good one to their brother." Also there is a neat touch in Footles, the dog, who is "really an improvement on the Scotch terrier. There's later patents in him," you might say." Not perhaps a book of solid merit, or dazzling wit, but neither is it in the least dull or in the least pretentious.

Running Horse Inn. By Alfred Tressider Sheppard. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co.

Mr. Sheppard has chosen his subject well in taking the ambitious young countryman, disappointed and demoralized by the Peninsular wars. The idea is good, since war has been too often treated romantically, without regard to the real effect of long campaigning upon character. But having a real idea, the author has grasped it somewhat irresolutely. At times he appears not to have made up his own mind how much of a villain George Kennett has become, this doubt strikes you as a wavering of Mr. Sheppard's, rather than as the logical development of George's soldierly vices. Of course, the conjunction of two brothers, the Napoleonic era, one girl, and a rustic setting, cannot fail to recall Thomas Hardy in "The Trumpet Major." But the comparison is unfair to a writer presumably young, and not yet in full possession of his means. The book shows a good measure of careful preparation; the English would be better for a pruning of certain colloquialisms which are unpardonably of to-day. These jar the ear and tend to dispel the atmosphere which he has been at such pains to create. On the whole, interest is fairly well maintained, and among pseudo-historical novels of the moment it ranks where Sir Pitt Crawley's Betsey Horrocks rated herself, when she

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candidly remarked, "There has been better ladies, and there has been worser."

Queen Margot, Wife of Henry of Navarre. By H. Noel Williams. With sixteen illustrations in photogravure. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $7.50 net.

Women of the Second Empire. Chronicles of the Court of Napoleon III., compiled from unpublished documents by Frédéric Loliée. Translated by Alice M. Ivimy, with an introduction by Richard Whiteing. New York: John Lane Co. $7 net.

The public is so greedy for court beauties and all the literature of court scandal, that the reviewer must be pardoned if occasionally he places under the same heading two or three volumes which are no more cognate to each other than that they mix up history with more or less dubious gossip. We do not know whether H. Noel Williams pays Marguerite of Valois a great compliment in taking her for a heroine after he has supplied us with equally large and well-illustrated volumes on Madame de Montespan, Madame de Pompadour, and Madame du Barry. On the whole, however, the Queen of Navarre escapes from his hands rather lightly. Any one who buys this book in the expectation of finding it filled with anecdotes that were long since retailed to the world by Bayle and Tallemant des Réaux, will be disappointed. The tone of the present work, if not suggested by the more favorable verdict of M. de Saint-Poncy, seems at least to have derived from it an aroma of charity. To forget La Môle, Bussy d'Amboise, and Chanvallon altogether is not possible, but Mr. Williams must be credited with the desire to keep them in their proper place.

If one is at all concerned to render *convenable* a book on the Valois, it is safer not to stray far from the beaten highway of politics. This Mr. Williams seems to realize, for he dilutes the adventures of Queen Margot very considerably by adding to them the main incidents of French history, so far as it is associated with her life. Almost every one who reads history at all knows Catherine de Médicis and her children so well that an intensive study of Margot's character might have appealed to a wider circle than will be interested in a sketch which, like the present, is half politics and half biography. Her life, whether at Paris, Nérac, or Usson, is a subject well worth attention from all who would have their knowledge of human nature enlarged by familiarity with a type of woman not often found at present in polite society. It requires, however, the touch of a Sainte-Beuve to do justice to a theme in the treatment of which any trace of the banal suggests cheap and tawdry moralizing. Mr. Williams has gone far enough afield in his researches to have come across articles by Georges Gandy in the *Revue des questions historiques* for 1866, but despite this special diligence and an adequate knowledge of sixteenth century memoirs, we have found his book enriched by little illuminating criticism.

M. Loliée sketches the dames who displayed their charms or wove their intrigues at the Court of Napoleon III. The claim made upon the title-page that these chronicles have been compiled from unpublished documents, must be taken with considerable reservation. There are, it is true, some passages in the chapter on the Countess de Castiglione which seem to have come from the inside, but for the most part, M. Loliée has drawn his data from sources quite accessible to other essayists. This is particularly noticeable in the chapter which has interested us most as dealing with the cleverest of the women here depicted—the Princess Mathilde. It is a lively bit of portraiture, but nothing in it suggests command of manuscripts that have been hidden from the public eye.

Matthew Arnold's attack upon the French worship of lubricity often suggests itself when one is reading the memoirs of the Second Empire or the conversation of its salons. This is a factor which cannot be excluded from M. Loliée's book any more than it can be excluded from Mr. Williams's pages on the Valois. One cannot, however, escape a feeling of surprise at the length to which men like Giraud and Jules de Goncourt were able to carry their conversation in the salon of the Princess Mathilde. It is on record that once, when Edmond About overstepped the mark, she ordered the attendant to call his carriage. But this incident is chiefly noteworthy as showing that there was a mark which could be overstepped.

Besides the Countess de Castiglione and the Princess Mathilde, M. Loliée takes up in separate chapters all the leading beauties and adventuresses of the Second Empire. The mere catalogue of their names runs into a formidable list, since after exhausting Madame de Rute, the Countess Le Hon, Pauline de Metternich Sandor, the Countess Waleswska, and Sophie de Castellane, one still has to encounter a host of minor personages, like Anna Murat, Madame de Montebello, the Vicomtesse Aguado, and Sophia de la Paniéga. Men and women alike, it is hard to make the companions of Napoleon III. seem like flesh-and-blood people. The Second Empire, considered in the light of its beginning and its end, resembles a night at the theatre much more than it does a chapter from the actual history of Europe. According to the introduction which is supplied by Mr. Whiteing, this book of M. Loliée's "bears a significance as profound as anything to be found in history or in literature. It is philosophy and memoir, court gossip and sad stories of the fate of kings, turn and turn about." This may all be, but to us the volume appears more like "the book of the opera," and a very light opera at that.

Historical Study of the Mother Tongue, an Introduction to Philological Method. By Henry Cecil Wyld, Professor of the English Language and of Philology in the University of Liverpool. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.

Professor Wyld's work does not come into competition with histories of the English language, either popular or erudite, of which there are already many available. Indeed, in the chapters which deal specifically with the development of English, as distinguished from those which embrace matters of more universal application, it merely touches on two of the great branches of grammatical study, viz.: morphology and syntax. It is, as is stated in the subtitle, "an introduction to philological method," in which the English language serves as the basis of illustration. This is an excellent work for post-graduate students in the Germanic languages—especially, of course, English—to supplement the usual courses in historical grammar. The author justly remarks on the serious defect "of many of the best elementary books on the History of English"—the limitation, "elementary," is unnecessary—"that the bare facts are stated, dogmatically and categorically, without any suggestion as to the sources of information or the methods of arriving at the results stated." Many an American student, in Germany particularly, engaged in his first struggle with the standard treatises on the Germanic languages—Sievers's "Anglo-Saxon Grammar," for example—will recognize the truth of this saying, and will welcome such a work as Professor Wyld has put into his hands. For instance, one may even have followed an elaborate course in Old English phonology—at least, this is certainly true of Germany—without ever having heard a definite statement as to the means by which scholars have arrived at our knowledge of the pronunciation of the Old English vowels and consonants, fundamental as this matter is. One is left to gather this information from one's reading or from chance intercourse with the professor. Similarly, one finds in grammatical treatises on every page reconstructed forms of Primitive Aryan or Primitive Germanic, but the student may go long without learning that there are limitations to the absolute value of such forms, and that they "merely record the opinion," to use Professor Wyld's words, "that this or that feature in this or that language is primitive and original."

The work consists of two parts. In the first of these, which makes up about a third of the whole, we have a discussion of the fundamental questions which present themselves in the study of all languages—how sounds are produced, how language is acquired and handed on, the principles which govern sound change, the differentiation of language into dialects, the operation of anology, etc. Professor Wyld's style is distinguished throughout by its clearness, and we have here an excellent account for general comprehension of the results of Paul, Osthoff, and the other standard authorities on linguistics. The second part is historical, and after two opening chapters, which are devoted to the Aryan mother-tongue and the Germanic family of languages, respectively, the author proceeds to the history of English, or rather of English sounds and vocabulary. He does not aim at giving us, however, according to the usual method of historical grammar, a systematic and exhaustive account of the origin and occurrence of each vowel or consonant sound in the different periods. He merely sets forth the general phonetic changes which affected these sounds in the transition from one period to another, and which so led by gradual stages to the English we now speak. On the other hand, nothing is stated "dogmatically and categorically"—the reasons for our conclusions and the limitations of our knowledge being everywhere made plain.

The chapters which deal with present-

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day English will be found of particular interest, although it strikes the American reader that Professor Wyld is inclined to vest the teacher with an authority in matters of pronunciation which would be dangerous under our conditions. Constant bibliographical references add very materially to the usefulness of the book.

Borough Customs: Vol II. Edited for the Selden Society by Mary Bateson. London, Bernard Quaritch.

The appearance of the second volume of Miss Bateson's "Borough Customs" serves to intensify the regret that every historical student must feel over her early death. Miss Bateson's first work in the legal history of the English municipalities was published in 1899, and consisted of the first part of the records of the Borough of Leicester. In 1904 she published "Mediæval England" in the Story of the Nations Series, and in the same year appeared the first volume of "Borough Customs," of which the present is the second and, alas! the last instalment. It is a melancholy coincidence that Professor Maitland, to whom Miss Bateson gives so warm an acknowledgment of her indebtedness on the last page of her long historical introduction, died within three weeks of Miss Bateson herself; and thus have passed away both the author and the friendly critic of whom Miss Bateson writes: "The nature and the number of the errors which have been removed by his friendly hand, make it vain to attempt acknowledgment or even thanks."

The plan of the present volume is similar to that of Volume I., and, like it, shows Miss Bateson's chief characteristics—clear perception of essential points, and infinite patience and capacity for sustained research. The work consists of extracts, with English translations where the originals are in Latin or Norman French, from the records of boroughs in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. These are arranged in sections according to the customs they are intended to illustrate, thus allowing the reader to perceive at a glance the likeness and divergence of borough law in boroughs as far apart as London, Sandwich, Bury St. Edmunds, Bristol, Chester, Manchester, and Pontefract in England; Montgomery and Rhuddlam in Wales; Dundee, Linlithgow, and Inverness in Scotland; and Dublin, Cork, Waterford, and Drogheda in Ireland.

This analysis is prefaced by the historical introduction, which occupies the first half of the volume, and in which the customs of the various boroughs are collated, and compared with English common law, which in most, but not all, instances superseded them. In the first volume the subjects dealt with were crime, tort, and procedure. The second volume takes in a larger range of subjects—borough officials, rules of the courts and their officers, bargains and purchases, fairs and markets, the alienation of land, the making of wills and the inheritance of property, relations between husband and wife, alms and oblations, and seamen's law, etc.

There is a double value to work such as this. In the first place, this research into the actual proceedings of the boroughs sweeps away any theoretical uniformity in the development of mediæval law—it does compleat away with the old idea that the legal history of a country may all be learned from the statute books of its central government, or even from a study of the common law which prevailed in the immediate vicinity of the king's court. And, secondly, the work is of even greater value on the positive side, as affording an inductive basis of comparative instances from which the actual beginnings and growth of democratic social life may be arrived at. It shows the people of the Anglo-Saxon race struggling with the problems of government, and arriving at solutions of these problems, differing according to locality and circumstances; but all offering illustrations of the difficulties that had to be met and the methods in which these difficulties were surmounted.

The subjects treated in the present volume are so numerous and diverse that it is not practicable to take any of them in detail. Probably the most interesting generalization that can be drawn from a survey of the extracts is the prevalence of socialistic ideas in the early boroughs of Great Britain. Municipal socialism is often spoken of as though it were a twentieth century, or later nineteenth century development. A glance at Miss Bateson's work would show that it is, on the contrary, only a reversion to earlier ideals and customs—ideals that almost disappeared during the era of individualism culminating in the Manchester School economics. The socialism of mediæval times, however, differed from modern theoretical socialism in that it did not extend its benefits beyond the limits of the borough, and within the borough the privileges secured by borough custom were often limited to burgesses. The "foreigner," whether he came from the next borough, or from over-seas, was under a different régime from the burgess. He was not permitted to share in the bargain or purchase in which every burgess had a right to a part along with the first purchaser. Process and execution for debt were much more severe and summary in the case of the foreigner than in that of the burgess, and in some boroughs, such as Godmanchester, a foreigner might neither buy nor inherit land.

The borough customs as regards married women show very large discrepancies from the convenient common law which after the Norman era simply made man and wife one person, and that person the husband. Many boroughs permitted the wife to hold lands which could not be alienated without her consent, and the rights of the wife to devise property away from her husband were allowed in some boroughs, as, for instance, Lincoln, even without her husband's consent. Ipswich, on the other hand, forbade devise of the wife even with the consent of the husband, if the devise were to the disherison of her heirs. It is, however, in regard to the trading wife or wife-merchant that some of the old boroughs approached most nearly to modern legislation in regard to married women. In France, the old common law allowed a wife who was a merchant in some trade in which the husband was not engaged or which the husband permitted the wife to carry on for their common profit, to sue and be sued as a "feme sole"; and Worcester, Lincoln, Waterford, and some other British boroughs placed the wife trader on the same basis.

It is, of course, to the student of historical law that Miss Bateson's work makes the strongest appeal. The book was not intended for general reading, either in form or substance; yet every lover of the old and curious will find something in it to reward a search. It may be the origin of the old fairy-tale habit of regarding the youngest son as the first favorite of man and nature, which was probably founded on a borough custom that gave the inheritance to the youngest instead of the eldest. It may be the handclasp as a confirmation of a bargain. These and a hundred other old customs gain a new meaning from this study of the borough records.

Science.

The Book of Vegetables and Garden Herbs. By Allen French. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

The books on gardening, of which so many have appeared within the last few years—although there has been a pause of late—may be broadly divided into two classes: those in which advice is sugar-coated with chat and more or less of personal narrative, and those in which useful advice is offered without an attempt to be entertaining and without any pictures for mere adornment. Of the first class, Edith Loring Fullerton's "How to Make a Vegetable Garden" is a good specimen; of the second, this volume by Allen French; his pictures are of purely horticultural interest, and his pages—338 in number—are entirely matter of fact and prosaic, but for that very reason the more welcome to serious gardeners, amateur or professional.

The crops are now all in the ground—except second sowings of beans, radishes, and other quick-growers—but, for those who did not procure the book earlier in the season, it will keep; and it is safe to say that even for this season the reader of it will be able to add largely to the pleasure and profit from his garden, for the author traces the history of garden plants from the cradle to the maw. Here, for instance, are a few lines regarding cabbage, the observance of which may turn probable failure to insured success: "Culture consists in keeping the plants growing by maintaining soil-moisture. A mulch of fresh manure around the plants will do this." Again, are not thousands of households with gardens of their own disappointed every summer because the string-bean season is so short? To prolong it, the author advises the simple plan of cutting back the plants after cropping, and they will yield again later.

Other writers on vegetables have treated them usually in classes rather than individually; Mr. French gives more detailed hints, and under each head he has paragraphs or lines on soil, distances, depth, sowing, thinning, culture, fertilizing, diseases, insect pests, picking, and storing. He agrees with those who consider mulching more satisfactory than irrigating, and there is one line in his preface which, if heeded by gardeners, would reduce the failures in the germination of seeds by one-half; "the row should always be mulched

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with the rake after sowing." Space is given to certain vegetables which are too much neglected in this country, such as the globe artichoke, celeriac, cardoon, sea kale, chard, which in Europe are justly regarded as delicacies. Even the carrots are in America grown chiefly for cattle, their finer varieties being entirely unknown. Under the head of beans one misses an allusion to the fact that there are now on sale several varieties that are entirely stringless. Their exclusive use by gardeners should be made obligatory by law. There is a hardly justifiable sneer in the line "Some wise man has said that the value of a variety is inversely as the space given to it in the dealer's catalogue." We think, on the contrary, that the leading seedsmen are usually trustworthy in their recommendations, even if an occasional novelty is described in too flowery language.

Rocks, Rock Weathering, and Soils. By George P. Merrill. Second edition. New York: The Macmillan Co. $6 net.

Soils, Their Formation, Properties, Composition, and Relations to Climate and Plant Growth. By E. W. Hilgard. Macmillan. $4 net.

Soils: How to Handle and Improve Them. By S. W. Fletcher. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2 net.

The soil is far more complex than our fathers deemed it to be. Many men discuss it to-day from different points of view: the geologist, the chemist, and the biologist, the physicist, the engineer, and the economist, not to speak of the farmer, orchardist, and landscape gardener. Hence our present-day knowledge is rather heterogeneous because it has been gathered by men who look at the subject from different sides. There are few if any books, in English, at least, which at once adequately and symmetrically cover the general field.

This situation is at once recognized in and illustrated by the three books now under review. One is the product of a geologist's pen. It does not pretend to cover, save briefly during the last tenth of the book, anything but the geological side of the question. The second is written by a chemist, is devoted solely to the soil, and is an exposition of soil chemistry and physics, with geology and biology relegated to the background and economics practically ignored. The third we owe to a horticulturist, who perhaps in his daily life comes closer to the soil than do the other authors. Nearly three-fourths of his work is given over to considerations of soil handling and management, to the practical affairs of soil operations, with geology, physics, and chemistry fairly well recognized, but biology scarcely touched.

But, taken together, these treatises supplement one another very well, and among them soil geology, chemistry, and economics are thoroughly covered; the direct practical teaching desired by the farmer is afforded; while the moisture, heat, and electrical relations receive much attention. But in no one of them are the important biological aspects given adequate treatment. The matter is alluded to, of course, but in each case the brevity of the discussion, the omission of many important matters, and, in Professor Fletcher's popular presentation, serious inaccuracies of statement (such as the classification of the nitrifying organisms under nitrogen fixing organisms, and the reference to "the bacteria in yeast that raise bread by their growth") are to be regretted. Soil bacteriology is still in a state of unsettled development, but its importance entitles it to a more thorough-going treatment than it gets in these books.

More specifically, Dr. Merrill's book is an excellent exposition of rock degeneration and soil formation. The first edition has proved invaluable for ten years to the teacher of physiography, in that it more completely covers its special subject than does any other treatise in the English language. The new edition, revised and somewhat enlarged, and even more amply illustrated than its predecessor, will admirably supplement any course in physiography, petrology, or economic geology. Having used it for years, the present reviewer has yet to find it fail him in his classroom needs.

Dr. Hilgard's work contains much of value. His soil survey a generation ago in Mississippi, and his later studies of the soils of the arid and alkali regions are famous. These are accorded due prominence in his book, as doubtless is proper; but they somewhat overshadow other matters of importance. The book is a little heavy for classroom use. It contains a larger number of printers' errors than ought to exist, due, doubtless, to the fact that Massachusetts and California are a continent apart, and that proofreading was correspondingly difficult. Yet, when all is said, there is so much valuable matter packed into its six hundred pages, its author is so well informed at first hand concerning the greater part of what he treats, and it covers so many different phases of soil, that it remains indispensable.

The latest of these three books by Professor Fletcher is written in popular style. The sentences are short and pithy; the polysyllable is noticeable by its absence; the technical terms are replaced by those in common usage. The emphasis is laid, moreover, on soil management, rather than on soils. It is an exposition of tillage, drainage, irrigation, and fertilization, rather than of the formation, composition, biological activities, and physical properties of soils. All this is well worth while for the lay reader. The large print, the easy style, the wealth of illustrations, make it a helpful book. It is to be regretted, however, that the author has in many cases sacrificed accuracy to happiness of statement; that in the avoidance of technical terms and the use of every-day ones, he has not always succeeded in choosing such as were truly synonymous. This has also resulted in superficial treatment in several places. In short, the author's line of work and past training are such that, while they fit him most admirably to discuss certain phases of soil management, they have not afforded him first-hand knowledge in other directions. Had his manuscript been overhauled at certain points by a chemist, and at others by a biologist, it would have been the better.

The severity of the struggle for existence among the young of animals is familiar to all of us, and if we may judge by the enormous number of eggs produced by many fishes, this struggle must be especially severe among forms of marine life. In a recent contribution to the life-histories of the fish of the Cape of Good Hope, Dr. Gilchrist reveals a phase of such a struggle, which the most vivid imagination could not have conjectured. In volume iii. of the "Marine Investigations in South Africa," published by the Cape Department of Agriculture, is an account of cannibalism prevalent among the young of a fish known as *Cataetyx messirei*, which is viviparous and inhabits the deeper parts of the sea. The two ovaries consisted of bright red eggs, and near these were a number of larvæ coiled up in a dense mucous substance. When examined closely, the larger larvæ were each found to have swallowed and partly digested one of their smaller brethren! The poor young fish have a bad enough time after they are hatched in avoiding the thousand and one dangers of their environment, but to have added to this the chance of being swallowed by brother larvæ before they have actually been born is surely the survival of the strongest carried to the least common divisor! Another fact of great interest brought out in the course of these investigations is the occurrence of blue pigment concentrated in cellular elements—in chromatophores, abundantly developed on the dorsal surface of the saury-pike.

Drama and Music.

John Bull's Other Island and Major Barbara. By Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's.

This latest issue in the series of Shaw publications is a good deal more imposing in bulk than it is solid in substance. It contains three plays, "John Bull's Other Island," "How He Lied to Her Husband," and "Major Barbara," and two highly characteristic prefaces which are worth reading, for the amusement that is in them and for the exposure which they make of Mr. Shaw's mental processes. "John Bull's Island," or the greater part of it, has been played in this city, and abundantly discussed. Further reference to it at this time is therefore unnecessary. Of the "Preface for Politicians," with which it is now supplemented, it can only be said that if it does not cast much new light upon the play it exhibits very clearly and disastrously the qualifications of the author for writing it. "How He Lied to Her Husband" is a trifle which owes the honor of publication to present convenience rather than to any special merit of its own. It fills a gap in the middle of the volume. "Major Barbara" is the Salvation Army piece which ran for some time in London, but has not yet found its way to the New York stage. As a study of actual social conditions, or as drama, it is quite worthless, being wholly unreasonable and packed, as is the writer's habit, with all kinds of false and reckless generalizations, cynical extravagancies, and perverse misrepresentations, but is, nevertheless, highly entertaining in its witty, bumptious, paradoxical and wholly irresponsible fash-

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ion. It reveals also many flashes of keen and humorous observation, and is by no means devoid of profound, if only too obvious truths, but these are apt to be mixed so inextricably with every variety of crazy theory that they are perhaps more mischievous than flagrant falsehoods. His "First Aid to Critics," offered by way of introduction to the comedy, is a piece of gratuitous impertinence, often written in execrably bad taste, and is prompted chiefly, apparently, by a desire for advertisement which it would be stupid to gratify.

"The Ranger" is the name of the new play which Augustus Thomas has written for Dustin Farnum. It will be produced at Wallack's on the 2d of September. The scene is laid on the far side of the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, and the presumption is that the central character is nearly akin to the one in which Mr. Farnum won his first great popular success. If this is so, it is a pity, for Mr. Farnum is one of the few young actors generally believed to possess abilities worthy of development.

John Hare will begin his farewell tour of the English provinces on the 30th of September. He will be seen in "The Gay Lord Quex," "Caste," "A Quiet Rubber," and "A Pair of Spectacles." The date of his final retirement from the stage is, however, still uncertain. There appears to be little doubt that he will appear in a prominent part when Mr. Pinero's new play is produced in London. If this should prove a great success, it is probable that his leave-taking of the public will be postponed indefinitely.

One of the most striking productions in connection with the Irish Theatre seems to be a little one-act tragedy, "The Gaol Gate," by Lady Gregory, which was played recently in the Queen Street Theatre, London. It has been called "one of the few tragedies of what for convenience we may call low life which have any dignity or grandeur."

It has long been a matter of pride for this country that it was an American, A. W. Thayer, who wrote the acknowledged best life of Beethoven. Unfortunately, he was able to finish only three of the requisite four volumes. After his death, in 1897, the task of completing his work was taken up by Dr. Hermann Deiters. Now comes the announcement of his death; he, fortunately, had nearly completed the fourth volume. So far the Thayer biography has appeared only in the German version made by Deiters. It is to be hoped the original will be printed.

The most eminent clarinet player of the period, Richard Mühlfeld, is dead. Brahms admired him so much that he wrote for him the clarinet quintet in B minor; and when this quintet was first given in England Mühlfeld was imported for the occasion. His tone in the lowest register was uniquely beautiful, but what made Brahms and others admire him most was the "glorious breadth of his phrasing." Since 1884 Mühlfeld had been a member of the Bayreuth orchestra, and there are passages in "Parsifal" which he played with incomparable art.

Budapest is to have a new music hall, or musical palace, as they style it. It will be built in an open place which has been called the "Franz Liszt Platz," and the chief decoration of the façade will be a bronze statue of Liszt. The concert hall will seat 250 performers and 1,500 hearers.

Art.

A History of Architecture. By Russell Sturgis. Vol. I., Antiquity. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. To be completed in 3 vols., $15.

Among many signs of the growth of popular interest in architecture in the United States, the most significant is the development of a group of American writers on architecture who, though still few in number, have done some excellent work. Among these Mr. Sturgis holds by general consent the first place, by reason both of the amount and the quality of his literary product. The appearance of the first volume of a history of architecture from his pen is therefore an event of no small interest, the more so because it aims to fill a long-recognized void. Twenty-five years ago, Fergusson's "History of Architecture in All Countries" was law and gospel for the English-reading public; but the advance of scholarship and criticism has left that notable work behind, and nothing had appeared to fill its precise place until, about eighteen months ago, Longmans, Green & Co. published the first volume of a three-volume "History of Architectural Development," by Prof. F. M. Simpson of University College, London. Mr. Sturgis's volume, following a year later in the same field, but conceived on an ampler scale, is apparently addressed to a somewhat different public, and it may prove that the two together will be required to fill the gap left by the gradual stranding of Fergusson's classic history. The great merit of the older work was its happy blending of the technical and the popular; architects and laymen found it equally interesting and informing. Mr. Sturgis's "History of Architecture" is evidently intended less for professional than for non-professional readers; it is at once less concise and less technical than Professor Simpson's book, covering in its 425 pages only about two-thirds of the ground surveyed by the English writer in 256, and illustrated in a less systematic but more popular fashion. Mr. Sturgis has in earlier works, and notably in "The Artist's Way of Working," shown his ability as an expounder of the principles and technic of the arts in a manner which appeals to the general reader, unversed in technicalities, and indifferent to dates, scale-drawings, and the intricacies of style-relations; and it is doubtless to the desire to interest such readers that we must attribute the somewhat easy-going and discursive treatment of his theme in this volume. To write the ideal history of architecture is no easy task. Perhaps the nearest approach to it is Choisy's; but that is in French.

The present volume covers the architecture of antiquity down to the fall of Rome, but without including the beginnings of Christian art. Three chapters are given to Egypt, four to Western Asia, ten to Greece, one to pre-Roman architecture in Italy, and seven to Roman Imperial architecture. Of the 336 illustrations 80 are devoted to Egypt and Western Asia, 123 to Greece, 133 to Italy and Rome. Counting the pages 114 go to the Orient, 153 to Greece, 158 to Italy and Rome. This division shows the author's indifference to mere archæology; the chief attention is bestowed upon the splendid architectures we call classic; and with reason, in a history written for the general public rather than for scholars. In the large relative space given to Greek architecture, Mr. Sturgis follows both his own evident prepossession and that of most non-professional readers, who care less for the Roman than for the Greek buildings. Architects, on the other hand, are apt to find more that is vitally interesting in the Roman architecture, because of its endless variety and flexibility, its marvellous construction, its superb planning, and its expression of power and magnificence. The cold perfection of Greek architecture, the narrow range within which it achieved that refinement of perfection, and its limited powers of expression deprive it of the suggestiveness and inspiration which the architect feels in studying the great masterpieces of Roman building. Mr. Sturgis is an architect, with a number of excellent buildings to his credit; but his attitude towards Greek and Roman architecture is that rather of the painter or the dilettante than of the architect.

Roman architecture, indeed, even in the 145 pages devoted to it, hardly gets fair treatment. The author evidently shares the common literary dislike of it; he is intolerant of the decorative use of the orders, and of the Roman arch flanked by columns, and pursues it with such phrases as "sham columns, make-believe entablatures," "complete negation of significance," and like expressions (pp. 301, 304). He denies originality to Roman architects (p. 385), and bestows scant praise upon the marvelous planning of Roman public buildings or the remarkable system of carved ornament developed by the Romans. When one considers that the Romans were the first to conceive the sublime effect of vast and lofty interiors unencumbered by supports, and then compares a plan like that of Trajan's Forum or Caracalla's Baths with the elementary planning and construction of Greek buildings and groups, it is hard to understand how so mature and scholarly a critic as Mr. Sturgis could say (speaking of the Temple of Venus and Rome): "Now all this, except the building in mortar masonry and the idea of a vault, might have occurred to a Greek. . . The Romans have little claim to originality *as builders or as makers of plans* (the italics are ours): what they knew best was how to appropriate the the ideas. . . of the Mediterranean world" (p. 385). On page 339, he speaks of "that deliberate copying of Grecian building and of Grecian thought" in Roman columnar architecture: whereas neither in its building nor in its thought does Roman architecture owe any but the slightest debt to Greece.

There is evident in these reiterated depreciations a fixed prepossession against the Roman genius, in spite of sporadic commendations, sometimes enthusiastic, which the artist in the author could not help

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paying to an art which was distasteful as a whole to the critic. On the other hand, the chapter on arcuated buildings is entirely interesting and particularly full and informing in its discussion of the Roman arches of triumph. The Roman stuccoes elicit, in Chapter VII., delighted admiration, and there is not one of the seven chapters but contains happy characterizations, penetrating bits of analysis, shrewd and suggestive *obiter dicta*, and lucid explanation of technical matters. The pleasure one experiences in reading such passages makes one regret the more the lack of sympathetic appreciation in so many others.

Greek architecture Mr. Sturgis discusses *con amore*. The discussion is not very systematic in arrangement, but it is full and free, sympathetic and discriminating. One feels throughout the thorough scholarship underlying it: but nowhere is archæology obtruded or documents referred to for the sake of the mere aspect of learning. Disputed questions are not made prominent, and when alluded to are briefly discussed without controversial dogmatism. The style is familiar, discursive, almost colloquial at times; too full, occasionally, on points which interest the author, for the requirements of correct proportion. Thus the Theseion occupies in all sixteen pages, the Parthenon but four. The Temples on Ægina and on Cape Sunium are hardly or not at all mentioned. Like omissions occur in the two chapters on Egypt. The Ramesseum is barely mentioned; the splendid tomb-temple of Queen Hatasu at Deir-el-Bahari, and even the great temple of Luxor, are not so much as named. But it is by precisely such omissions that space is obtained for the freer discussion of those aspects of the art which are of wider appeal to the lay mind.

The book is a handsome, rather heavy volume, printed on thick paper, not too glossy, with double-leaded lines pleasant for the eye, and is marked by careful proof-reading, which has left a very minute residuum of errors to reward a pretty careful scrutiny. One error—hardly to be explained by careless proof-reading—is the reference on page 284 to the temples of Edfu and Denderah as "monuments of a time only just preceding that of Diocletian." Edfu dates from 247-222 B.C.; Denderah from about 40 B.C. It is difficult also to account for the various forms in which identical names appear, as Selinus and Selinunte. Segesta and Egesta; Souweida (Soueideh) and Sermeda; and for the use of the Italian forms Pesto, Metaponto, and Girgenti, in preference to the more familiar Anglo-Latin forms, Pæstum, Metapontium, and Agrigentum. Despite these minor blemishes, the work is plainly the fruit of careful scholarship, accurate in all its specific information, and usually sound in its analysis and criticism. It ought to be of real service in the stimulation of public interest and the training of public taste.

The purchase by the Metropolitan Museum of Art of some examples of sculpture by Dr. William Rimmer has revived interest in a man who has never quite enjoyed the fame due him as a sculptor. He was born in 1816 and died in 1879. He passed most of his life in Boston and New York, where he made for himself a reputation and is still remembered by many. He took up the practice of art after studying medicine and taking his doctor's degree, which gave him an unusual knowledge of anatomy. This he put to excellent use in his work, which is characterized by a fine appreciation of the human body. He early came under the influence of the Greek and Roman sculpture which he went to Rome to study. One of the results of this visit was his figure of "The Falling Gladiator," which was very much discussed in its day. He formulated a course of lectures on anatomy, which he gave to public classes in Boston, New York, and many of the secondary towns of the Northeast for sixteen years. These lectures were later collected and published, with his fine drawings, in 1877, and still comprise the only work on the subject which has any true artistic value.

The American Art Society of Philadelphia, which has been granted an appropriation by the Legislature of $7,000, covering two years, announces an exhibition of paintings to be held at the Haseltine Art Galleries, No. 1822 Chestnut Street, beginning October 14, and lasting one month. Invitations are being sent to all the leading art patrons of Philadelphia and other cities, and a large attendance is expected. Correspondence from artists is requested, whether members of the society or not. There will be an award of gold, silver, and bronze medals to the best pictures.

The seventh centennial anniversary of the famous Sängerkrieg on the Wartburg and of the birthday of the "holy" Elizabeth are to be celebrated this summer in Eisenach by an exhibition of the productions of the German artists from the age of Elizabeth to the close of the Middle Ages. This exhibition will be in charge of Prof. Georg Voss, conservator of the art treasures of Thuringia, and is to illustrate particularly the life and the arts in the period when the knighthood and the poetry of the Germany of the Middle Ages were in their most flourishing condition.

"A Guide to the Paintings in the Florentine Galleries: The Uffizi, The Pitti, The Accademia" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) has been prepared by Maud Cruttwell. There are numerous small reproductions of the pictures, together with brief characterizations. The recent changes in the Florentine galleries render a new work of this sort highly useful.

Frederick Warne & Co. announce two new volumes, "Sir Thomas Lawrence" and "Sir Henry Raeburn," to be added to Newnes's Art Library in the autumn.

Finance.

Frank A. Vanderlip has brought together in one volume ("Business and Education," Duffield & Co.) fifteen articles and public addresses written upon various occasions during the last eight or ten years. Five of them deal with problems of commercial and industrial education, in which the author's interest has been enlisted in various practical ways. Four others treat of currency and finance, topics concerning which he speaks with no little authority. The rest touch upon a variety of subjects —old-age pensions, American foreign trade, our industrial future, and the like—for the most part in a desultory and unsatisfactory way. Not every man who achieves success in a business career is thereby qualified to write upon "Political Problems of Europe as They Interest Americans"; and passages like the following are drearily commonplace, by whomsoever they may be written: "Man's labor the world over is steadily decreasing in importance. It is the age of machinery. The forces of nature are to do man's work. All the world over the cost of production has fallen. The relative importance of labor in the cost of production is lessening; the sway of machinery is increasing. The twentieth century will be the century of machinery." We would not gainsay the right of successful business men to their literary diversions, but will venture the delicate suggestion that not every article contributed to popular magazines needs to be reproduced in more permanent form.

In the mass of writing upon railroad questions, it is difficult to find anything of value that approaches the study of the industry from within; nearly all writers have concerned themselves with the relation of the railroad corporation to the State. This is doubtless to be explained by the fact that those who have had the ability and the inclination to put the situation into print have lacked the knowledge, while those with adequate information—the practical railroad men—have had no inclination to talk about their business, or have been without the art of placing the situation clearly before the public. We can but welcome then Logan G. McPherson's "Working of the Railroads" (Henry Holt & Co.), as a modest attempt, distinctly successful within its limits, to explain the operation of an American railway. It is primarily descriptive, and takes up in order and in the form of lectures such subjects as construction and operation, traffic, accounting, and financial and executive administration. A particularly informing chapter is that entitled "Correlation," which describes in detail the routine procedure involved in the running of trains. The concluding chapter on "Relations to the Public and the State" favors the punishment of railways for their rebating sins, but is opposed to such restrictive legislation as interferes with their freedom. The author has drawn his material from his own observation while in the service, and his later academic experience has doubtless given him his power of clear presentation.

Kropotkin's "Conquest of Bread" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is a translation of a work which was originally published at Paris, in 1892. It is devoted to an exposition of the particular brand of social revolution—anarchist communism—with which the author's name has long been associated. He is persuaded that, with every vestige of legal compulsion removed, men would readily associate themselves in "free agro-industrial communes," large or small, and order production and distribution upon a rational coöperative plan. Those familiar with his other works know that he makes out as plausible a case as it is possible to present for a preposterous proposal; but the present volume really adds nothing to

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what he has said elsewhere, and it is hard to understand why it has been brought out in American dress.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, G. F. Israel in Europe. Macmillan Co. $3.25 net.
Alexander, William. The Successful Agent. The Spectator Co. $2.
Benson, Robert Hugh. A Mirror of Shalott. Benziger Brothers.
Bourchier, Helen. Darry's Awakening. Frederick Warne & Co. $1.50.
Brockington, A. Allen. Old Testament Miracles in the Light of the Gospel. Imported by Scribners. $1.25 net.
Burnham, S. W. General Catalogue of Double Stars within 121° of the North Pole. Carnegie Institution.
Bynner, Witter. An Ode to Harvard and Other Poems. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1 net.
Proverbs of Alfred. Edited by Walter W. Skeat. Henry Frowde. 60 cents.
Chronique de France (1906). Paris: Albert Lanier.
Crafts, Wilbur F. Practical Christian Sociology. Funk & Wagnalls Co. Henry Frowde. $1.50 net.
Ecclesiæ Occidentalis Monumenta. Iuris Antiquissima. Edited by Cuthbertus H. Turner. Henry Frowde.
Essays on Addison. Edited by G. E. Hadow. Henry Frowde. 50 cents.
Fackler, Edward B. Notes on Life Insurance. Spectator Co. $3.
Galton, Francis. Probability, the Foundation of Eugenics. Henry Frowde.
Goethe Calendar, 1907. Leipzig.
Griswold, Stephen M. Sixty Years with Plymouth Church. Revell. $1 net.
Griffin, Nathaniel Edward. Dares and Dictys. Baltimore: J. H. Furst Co.
Herbertson, A. J. Senior Geography. Henry Frowde. 60 cents.
Hutchinson, Alfred L. The Limit of Wealth. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Janett, Pierre. The Major Symptoms of Hysteria. Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.
Kennedy, C. W., and Wilson, J. S. Pausanias. Neale Publishing Co. $1.25.
Lampson, G. Locker. A Consideration of the State of Ireland in the Nineteenth Century. London: Archibald Constable & Co.
Laur, Francis. Le Cœur de Gambetta. 4me edition. Paris.
Lowell, Maria. Poems. Cambridge: The Riverside Press.
Mackenzie, J. S. Lectures on Humanism. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Moore, E. A. Story of a Cannoneer under Stonewall Jackson. Neale Publishing Co. $2.
Oliver, Edmund Henry. Roman Economic Conditions to the Close of the Republic. University of Toronto.
Osborne, T. B. Proteins of the Wheat Kernel. Carnegie Institution.
Paul-Dubois, L. Irlande Contemporaine. Paris: Perrin et Cie.
Plutarch's Life of Julius Cæsar in North's Translation. Edited by R. H. Carr. Henry Frowde.
Prescott, Henry W. Some Phases of the Relation of Thought to Verse in Plautus. Berkeley: University Press.
Shaw, Albert. Political Problems of American Development. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Shaw, Bernard. John Bull's Other Island and Major Barbara. Brentano's.
Shakespeare's As You Like It. Edited by Isaac N. Demmon. American Book Co. 35 cents.
Stanard, M. N. Story of Bacon's Rebellion. Neale Publishing Co. $1.
Stein, Aurel. Ancient Khotan. Vol. I.: Text. Vol. II.: Plates. Henry Frowde. $33.75.
Voyages of the Elizabethan Seamen. Edited by Edward J. Payne. Henry Frowde. $1.10.
Welles, Paul Irving. De Rebus. Published by the author.
Williamson, C. C. The Finances of Cleveland. The Columbia University Press.
Wright, Joseph. Historical German Grammar. Vol. I. Henry Frowde.
Zampini-Salazar, Fanny. La Vita e le Opere di Roberto Browning ed Elisabetta Barrett-Browning. Turin.

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